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The Battailles of
C R E S C E Y
AND
P O I C T I E R S,

Vnder the Fortunes and Valour
of King E D W A R D the third of
that name, and his sonne E D W A R D
Prince of *Wales*, named the
BLACK.

The second Edition, enlarged.

By CHARLES ALEYN.

Nec omni, nec nulli.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *Thomas Knight*,
and are to be sold at his shop in *Pants Church-*
yard, at the Holy-lamb. 1633.

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THE
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Good
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TO
THE HONOVABLE
AND TRVLY GENE.
rous, the Lord of *Colrane*.

Noble Lord,

Greatnesse is magneticall,
but it doth attract most
powerfully, when there
is the interposure of a
Goodnesse: the latter of these, while
it entitled your Lordship to this
A 3 dedica-

The Epistle

dedication, betrayed mee to a presumption : but when I have call'd it so, I have at once deprived my selfe of the hope, and your *Honour* of the office of mercy ; which cannot looke upon this unnecessary sinne, if confession shall not qualifie and dispose mee to *pardon*. When the names of *Crescey* and *Poictiers* shall be read, let not your Lordship nauseate, as if served in with a yesterdayes dish, nor conceit it an old service layd upon a new Altar. Because for this second venture (set out at the wind of
some

Dedictory.

some noble favourers) my vessell is
so trim'd, that it is not that *Argo*
wherein the *Heroes* were first im-
bark'd ; and it hath left to bee the
same, as a *Cubit* ceaseth to bee so by
the addition of a second. Had this
peece met the *happinesse* of an able
undertaking, it had come forth the
Temple of Fame raised with artifice
to an envy, and above it : but now
it stands a humble *Tabernacle*, yet
sacred to *Honour*, and shall in this be
advantaged, that it must bee enterd
by the Temple of your *Virtue*. If
the sweetnesse of your spirit shall

The Epistle, &c.

overbeare the just height of it to
fall so low as acceptance, my am-
bition shall there sit at marke, and
my height will bee taken to a
scruple.

Vnder the commands

of your Vertues,

CHARLES ALEYN.

Doctissimo amico suo *Carolo Aleino* de nobili hoc Poëmate.

S*I* quid victrices debebunt vatibus umbra,
Ævum mortali si dare musa potest,
Et decus æternum præstare, hos doctus honores
Præstitit Aleinus, Rex, Edovarde, tibi,
Gallorum domitor, tibi que invictissime Princeps,
Cujus adhuc numen sæcula nostra colunt.
Felices animæ, laudes agnoscite vestras,
Carminaque eximios digna sonare duces.
Mæsta suas iterum lugebit Gallia clades,
Damnaque per calamum jam renovata tuum
Sentiet infœlix, lugubria prælia damnans,
Temporaque Anglorum cum pharetrata cohors
Rumperet hostiles horrenda strage catervas,
Gallaque Gallorum luxuriaret humus
Sanguine pinguescens, quæ ne damnare tenebris
Sæcula, vel possit perdere livor edax;
Hos patriæ reddit meritos Aleinus honores,
Nec patitur regum fortia facta mori.

Thomas May.

To his friend Mr. *Charles Aleyn* upon
his learned Poëme.

THe noblest spurre unto the sonnes of fame,
Is thirst of honour, and to have their name
Enrold in faithfull History : thus worth
Was by a wise ambition first brought forth.
Blest *Edward* whom posterity shall know
By this unspotted worke, to which we owe
Our knowledge of thy choifest deeds : so just
Has bin my freind unto thy reverend dust.
Truth is the Historians crowne, and Art
Squares it to stricter comelineffe : each part
Thou skilfully observ'st, whose learned sleight
Shall teach succeeding ages how to write.
Goe on t'improove the world, and scorne the harme
That malice can finde out, desert's a charme.
Be fortunate as knowing, may thy braine
Iove-like bring forth valour and wit, disdain
Those torturers of wit that stufte these time
With rude composures, and unseason'd rimes.
It will be weaknesse to inlarge thy praise,
Thy owne judicious Poeme is thy bayes.

John Hall.

on

To my freind Mr. *Charles Aleyn*:

Charles, by thy *Muse* Edward the Black seems faire,
The daring sonne of an undanted Sire.
Live not my hopes, if I can judge more rare
Their acts, or thy expression. To require
An equall censure, this with truth accords,
They give thee matter, thou afford'st them words.

John Lewis.

e

To his honoured Friend Mr.
Charles Aleyn of his Battailes.

Fame that did sing the glory of that day,
When those two Kings their banners did display,
And in her eares for jewels hang their praise,
Would higher if she could thy glory raise.
Both parts are done so well, that Martiall men
Scarce know who acted best, the sword, or pen.
For thy cleere fancy hath shap'd things so right,
That he that reads thy booke, shall see the fight.
So lively thou hast drawne the face of feare,
That one would think thou hadst been present there.
Grones, wounds, & death so well thy Muse can paint,
That when a coward reads it, he will faint.
Doubt not of praise ; let venom'd Envy pine,
Fame gave *their* heads the Laurell, and will *thine*.

Gilb. W.

To his much esteemed Friend
M^r. Charles Aleyn, on his Bat-
taile of Crescey.

PRoud Fame doth speake her meaner tales, but sings
This more majestick struggling of Kings,
And of these Worthies ; from whose mighty strife
Honour her patterne takes, Valour her life.
She layes her Trumpet by ; thy Muse supplies
That shrill and empty noise, with dying cries :
Whose ruthfull accents on each faile of breath,
Tune hymnes to daring soules, in noates of death.
Bellona doth Apollo's rage inspire,
And from the dint of swords strikes active fire ;
Wherewith thy kindled straines, dry Lethes waves,
And lighten our great Edwards in their graves.
The father joy'd, who high Directour stood,
While his fierce sonne, imbru'd in Gallick blood,
Hew'd troopes in peeces, as if fury would
Unmake mankind : no lesse triumph could
Appease that Lion rage, whose potent charmes
Gave early vigour to his youthfull armes.

Thy

*Thy Bayes advance his Sword, his Sword thy Bayes;
So joyne with Mars his dread, thy Muses praise.
Readers thy Battaile doe best praises lend,
In fearfull tremblings, and their hayre on end.*

Henry Blount.

Errata.

Page 3, line 1, read, thinks it time. p. 4. l. 19 where. p. 9 l. 2. vights. p. 6. l. 19. mediation. p. 21. l. 3 things p. 15. l. 10. die p. 22 l. 1. mott. p. 24 l. 4. aboard. p. 28. l. 11. For. p. 31. l. 3. Porus. p. 35. l. 10. Suffolk, ib. 23. Harts. p. 38 l. 5. 'gainst p. 41. l. 3 The. p. 46. l. 13. rugg'd embraces. p. 49. l. 23. Or. p. 52 l. 13. bower. p. 55. 14. aguish p. 56 l. 16. are the best. ibid. 23. plaine. p. 75. l. 6. thunder p. 58. l. 13. there p. 64. l. 2. drawne out of. p. 78. l. 15. King John. p. 85 12. thorough ib. 21. takes p. 86. l. 18. Bath. p. 90. l. 16. fortune. p. 98. l. 17. fibres and speares p. 103 l. 19. instruction. p. 118. 20. That,

These are branded, the rest are acknowledged : and if the crabb'd *Censour* shall looke too sowerly upon them, let him see if *Humanity* be not wanting in those places ; which is neither my fault, nor the Printers, but his, and a greater.

THE BATTAILE OF CRESEY.



I S true, my hand our *Edwards* cann't
enrowle
In honours brazen leaves ; nor draw a
line
In their fam'd table, unlesse *Homers*
soule

Were made by wondrous transmigration mine.
I car'd not though *Pythagoras* did misse
In all Philosophy, if true in this.

Yet when I shall have drawne some Genius forth,
Whose high-borne streines are priviledg'd from time,
Who in the handling of a theme of worth,
May drowne fames trumpet with a mighty rime,
Twill be some comfort, when my light is done,
It was the *Phosphorus* unto the Sunne.

Sure *Edward's* old enough : why then will *France*
Still under-rate him as one under age ?
His yeeres lay claime to his inheritance ;
He hath rooke forth out of his pupilage.

Perhaps *De Valois* in a courteous hate,
Is loth to trouble him with his owne estate.

P. B. 34

The

The Battaile of Crescey.

The *Norwey* Oke, when 'twas a tender twig,
 Homag'd to every blast; but when 'tis growne,
 It dares the windes: and this Heroick Sprig,
 When yong, was dislocated from his owne:
 But now confirm'd in growth, and breathing man,
France shall be taught, he needs no Guardian.

For otherwise it might be well conceiv'd,
Edward was unfit heire, if that a Realme,
 Which from his Grandfire *Philip* was deriv'd,
 Must not have him, but others at the helme.
 A birthright's deere, and if the French will try it,
 And *Edward* sell it, it is blood must buy it.

Philip of *Valois* doth alledge succession,
 And *Edward* makes succession his plea;
 Both urge same titles for the same possession:
 But *Edward* neerer stands by a degree.
 In a right line the right on *Edward* fals.
 But *Philip* stands with the collaterals.

Indeed the Salicque law thinkes no Crowne fit
 For *Edwards* mothers head: yet *Edwards* owne
 By just descent doth well consort with it;
 Not for her sonne, but selfe, she's barr'd the Crowne.
 That life which to his right his Grandfire gives,
 Dies in his mother, in himselfe relives.

Here

The Battaille of Crescey.

3

Here *Edward* thinkes it to draw his sword,
For that undrawne cuts his successeive line ;
And natures law this Canon doth afford,
Thou may'st with justice vindicate what's thine.
Tis nat'rall equity : great *Edward* then
Had fought with nature, if not fought with men.

And though succession stood not for the cause,
There's something else in natures pandects writ,
Proclaimes this war, a just one by her lawes ;
For natures dimmer light doth favour it.
For she our selves unto our selves commends,
Nor bids us suffer what our foe intends.

Nature hath taught even beasts some skill in armes,
Some pretty art of war, some trick in fight,
Some cunning posture to avert their harmes,
And make their owne revenge in their owne right.
He's in mans lowest forme that cannot learne,
And con a lesson which even beasts discern.

Shall *Edward* num'd with a cold lethargy,
See *France* exasperate the rebellious Scot ?
The Scot which earst had vow'd him fealty ;
Shall *Edward* winke, and say he saw it not ?
Who must not onely be spectator here,
But actor upon honours theater ?

B 2

In

The Battaille of Crefcey.

In *Aquitane France* violates his rites,
 Infests his country, takes his cities there,
 And in a well-prepared fleet affrights
 With royall piracies our Ilands here
 Not to encounter wrongs that would undoe us;
 Makes them our guests, & bids them welcom to us.

But *Edwards* feares are marching neerer home;
France to his root the axe is now applying,
 (As he had certified the See of *Rome*)
 And swords are now in distance of discrying.
 Then meet them *Edward*, and in time contest;
 Preventing Physick ever was the best.

Seven mouthed *Nilus* in his unknowne head
 Might well be nipt: but when he shall enlarge
 His growing selfe in a more spacious bed,
 Twill pose *Alcides* to attempt the charge.
 Let not thy foe still passe without controwling,
 Like fame & snowbals he'le get strength by rowling

But when will *Edward* meet to try this prize?
 Himselfe said *England* should not be the stage;
 The Theory of war did this advise,
 In *France* to lay his selfe and state at gage.
 I had rather see a scarfire quench'd in thine,
 Or in *Vcalegons* lodgings than in mine.

Edward t

The Battaille of Crescey.

5

Edward's in *Flanders* now, in *Flanders* lets
His rites be publish'd, and his letters sent
To the adjoyning townes ; some letters sets
On their Church doores, bearing the same intent ,
The cause and patron he will not disleaver,
God and his right are married for ever.

Flanders is his, provided he will beare
The French kings title ; for she thinketh so
To guild her fact, because she once did sweare,
Never against the King of *France* to goe.
By this ambiguous trick she doth dispence
Both with her oath, and with her conscience.

Edward before did beare two flowers *de Lis*,
Now the whole armes the law of armes will yeeld ;
He quartereth their armory with his,
The Lions and the Lilies in one field.
You'll say, the *Lilies* spin not ; there's no need,
Tis blood is to be drawne, and not a thred.

France with an equall forwardnesse prepares
His willing troopes, conducted by the choice
Of high-borne Leaders sideing in these wars,
And fronteth *Edward* neere to *Vermandois*.
There was the preface of this work, but looke
To *Crescey*, and to *Poictiers* for the booke.

B 3

The

The Battaille of Crescey.

The armies are in fight, the world's in feare,
 And meditates some fatall alteration ;
 Whilst it sees Fate with two great agents there,
 Ready to grapple with such preparation,
 That let one quit the field, you cannot tell
 To mate the other with a paralell.

Much by the Pope was wrought, no lesse was wrought
 By the Sicilian King, whose skill in starres,
 And leaves of heaven, did take this lesson out,
 That *France* should lose much life blood in these wars;
 But like to truant boyes, though he entreat,
 They will not learne their lesson, but be beat.

In countenances all the day is spent,
 And in each others mutuall survey,
 To take a measure of themselves, but meant
 To use some other rule, some stricter way,
 When hands shold censure, if their eyes judg'd true,
 For this was nothing but an enterview.

Romes meditation, and *Sicilia's* prayer
 Was cost ill spent; for they themselves will stay
 Themselves from fight: as you have seene a paire,
 Who held and fought to, needs will make a fray.
 If you but lose your hold, and lose no words,
 They very fairely will put up their swords.

Pardon

The Battaile of Crescey.

7

Pardon high soules ; I know 'twas policy,
Not cowardise that made this seeming fault :
For *France* in *France* will not her fortunes try,
The English fewer, thought not fit to assault.
The actions like the causes different are,
You stay'd in wisdom, and they stay'd in feare.

ght The Kings dislodge : *Philip* to *Paris* goes,
rs; *Edward* to *Brabant*, to confirme his friends :
And *Suffolk* is left to counterchek his foes,
Where he expecteth, till the laurell boughes
Shall reach their growth, which must enshade his
(browes.

But *Suffolk* too adventrous, neere *Lile*
Is taken, while he made himselfe beleeve
Fortune was not a she, nor would beguile
The trust he had put in her. To conceive
That Fortune alway will our suits commence,
Is a presumption, not a confidence.

The Lord of *Rambois* doth the Duke surprise
In a blinde ambush : a Commander must
Vse pretty cheats, darke stratagems devise ;
If not perfidious, they are not unjust.
No matter in thy enemies defeit,
If it be open force, or fine deceit.

don B 4

After

The Battaile of Crefcey.

After the high exploits which he had done,
 After the smooth procedure of successe,
 Chance like the Moone eclipsed his honours Sunne,
 And hid it in a veile of gloominesse.

All men have some black bills to pay, and yet
 He never liv'd, that dyed in fortunes debt.

This check did much import *Edwards* designes ;
 Tis ominous stumbling in our setting forth :
 It workes upon the wavering Flemmings mindes.
 Tis hard to trust a mercenary worth.

He's moulded new at every alteration ;
 Who dares sell life, dares sell his reputation.

Edward is studious to repaire this errour,
 And with a speedy care prepares a fleet ;
France hoping our mischance had beene our terrour,
 At Sluce in *Flanders* will our navy meet.

But that unfortunate disgrace, which wee
 Received on land, is wash'd away at sea.

While all these woodden castles stand together,
 They seem'd like forrests planted in the seas ;
 And if you wonder how this wood came hither,
 Thinke, as *Amphions* musick brought the trees
 To build his city up, these trees did come
 Woo'd by the musick of the Fife and Drum.

The Battaile of Crefcey.

9

The other fleet, that from the North was led
Vnder the fate of *Morleys* happy hand,
Ioyn'd with the King, the French encountered
With such a shock, that both fleets staggering stand.
So meet the clouds, and the Symplegades
Thus joust, and tourney in the Thracian seas.

We had the faire advantage of the day,
The Sun and winde were seconds in this fight :
The Sun did face to face himselfe display,
And make them stand like night-birds in the light :
The winds of heaven being mixed with our breath,
Playd on their faces, and did whisper death.

The French with horreur and with wounds pursu'd,
Make flight ~~their~~ study, yet they cannot fly.
They strike the water like a fowle enev'd :
At once they fear'd, and did not feare to dy.
They drowne themselves, so to escape the foe,
Th' English were cowards, and durst not doe so.

Most of the men are either flaine, or drown'd,
Most of the ships in the curl'd waves are whirl'd :
You would have thought those vessels had been bound
By some new passage to the other world ;
And that they had discover'd in those seas,
A neerer way to the *Antipodes*.

There

The Battaile of Crescey.

There one upon a mast doth pearching stand,
 And thinkes to run from death by sitting still :
 As when some flood comes sweeping on the land,
 The Peasant turn'd ambitious, climes a hill.

But the aspiring of the waves at last,
 Doth top that hill, and overpearch that mast.

There one (poore trust) unto some rope doth trust,
 Or anchour holds, and will not let it goe.
 And questions with himselfe, if that he must
 Or hope for mercy from the sea, or foe.

Wearie at length, and desperate of either,
 Lets goe the anchour, and his hope together.

Another makes a broken plank his boat,
 And hath no ores, but those which nature gave him,
 On mixed blood and water he doth float,
 But neither blood, nor water now can save him :

Yet there was some of his owne naturall blood,
 Which striv'd to waft him in this crimson flood.

Iustly the French on *Buchet* lay the blame,
 Who basely loth fit moneys to defray,
 Refus'd to take soldiers of marke and name,
 Who conscious of their worth, ask'd greater pay.
 When covetous Cheifes are sparing of their crowns,
 Few soldiers will be prodigall of wounds.

But

The Battaille of Crefcey.

11

But he ignoble Generall had mann'd
His ships with halfe-made, and inferiour men
Who (conscionable thing) could not demand
More then they knew their meanes could pay agen.
How cheaply doe we see some service bought?
True : but it is of fooles, whose ware is nought.

Rich in the greatest conquest that our seas
Could boast before, he leades his men (whom fates
Destine for higher actions than these)
With a victorious march to *Tourney* gates.
And as the men at armes the town environ,
They stood about it like a wall of iron.

Let *Tourney* quake, great *Edward's* at her gate,
And like a meteor menaceth her wals :
Tourney may glorie in her better fate,
If by the hands of *Edward*, *Tourney* fals.
For 'tis a comfort by great hands to dy,
And thus to fall is next to victory.

His Cartill then he did dispatch from *Chin*
To *Philip* : addes no complement, but this,
Plaine *Philip* : for he thought it was a sinne
To call him King of that was none of his.
Whatso'er of King, *Edward* had *Philip* sent,
So much of King, *Edward* had *Philip* lent.

He

The Battaille of Crefcey.

He shewes that he the fairest wayes had us'd,
 And softest termes to have his right restor'd;
 But since those lenitives had been refus'd,
 The case must be disputed by the sword.

It is the method Physick thinks most sure,
 A desperate grieve must have a desperate cure.

And that the French might know his personall worth,
 He dar'd *de Valois* to a single fight,
 And if not that, to draw a hundred forth,
 That fewer slaughters might decide the right.
 A good King knowes (cause all depend on him)
 To lose a subject, is to lose a limb.

I dare not question, if a Leader should
 Be personally seene in such an action;
 It is enough for me, that *Edward* would,
 His precedent is reall satisfaction:
 A King's a god on earth, and this Ile call
Edwards divinity; one die for all.

But such defiances are vaine to those,
 Who rather trust their numbers, than their right:
 Now army army, all must all oppose:
 Some coward joyn'd with company, dares fight:
 This is the ground which he relies upon,
 Some may have valour there, though he hath none.

Here

The Battaile of Crescey.

13

Here valiant *Philip* thinkes the lay unjust,
As for the challenge, 'twas beneath his feare :
What reason is alledg'd why *Philip* must
Lay downe the stakes for both the gamesters there ?
At *France* alone must both their dice be throwne ?
Philip thinks 'tis unjust : that stake's his owne.

Our *Edwards* propositions thus denyed,
Tis *Edwards* resolution, that the fate
And fortunes of both Kingdomes should be tried,
Within ten dayes after his letters date :
The French know this resolve : 'tis bravely done,
To tell thy foman when thou wilt come on.

Twas genuine valour in our Grandfires, who
Proclaimed when, and what they meant to doe,
And scorn'd like theeves to steale upon a foe,
A foe unwarmed, is unarmed too.
By sculking out to beat an enemy,
Doth pilfer honour, and steale victory.

Good *Theodosius* did himselfe allot
This ten dayes space, to try his enemy,
If he would venture on his power, or not
Rather embrace and hug his clemency.
Pitie doth kisse true valour, it did ne'r
Rebate a Cimeter, or blunt a speare.

Yet

The Battaile of Crelcey.

Yet 'twas an act of pure humanity,
 For in a rigorous strictnesse *Edward* might
 In the first ranke marshall extremity,
 For he already had declar'd his right.

And when our rights and wrongs apparant are,
Nature's the Herald to denounce the war.

And now the enemy is on his way,
 The *French*, *Navar*, the *Scotch*, and *Boheme* King,
 To take this hungry Lion from his prey :
 Fower Kings but named, might some terrour bring.
 But titles never were by judgment fear'd :
 Had all the host been Kings, he had not car'd.

The flowers of *France* were gathered, and set
 In this one field, to scare, not deck the day :
 Where his choice flow'rs, the valiant nobles met ;
 And Chevalliers in fight as brave as they.
 Who were perhaps, but as our Tulips are,
 Vselesse in Phyfick, though for colours rare.

Our English soldiers were as few, as plaine :
 They're halfe so many, a fourth part so fine :
 Yet hearts as brave as theirs, twice dyde in graine.
 With them the Flemming and high Dutch combine.
 And in our front th' Imperiall Eagle flew,
 Shaking the plumes that victory did mue,

The

The Battaille of Crefcey.

15

The English long to argue with their foes
And make full demonstration of their powers.
Heavens doe dispose and shape the hearts of those,
Whom it hath markt, and prickt for Conquerours.
What though they fewer were? if heaven intends
The *agents* are proportion'd to their *ends*.

High-sp'rited *Philip* with an equall heat
Pants for the combat : reason doth deny :
His Councillours advise, his friends entreat,
Not to lay all his fortunes on one day.
He's an ill husband, and will beg at last,
Will venture all's revenues at a cast.

Vpon this board they play at little game,
Some petty skirmishes ; and we are beat :
But when rich stakes, and greater wagers came,
Philips ill throwing lost what ere was set.
As one that hath good luck to play for pins,
But let him play for money, never wins.

While th' eye of *Europe* on this action bends,
Either with grieve, or with too strong intention,
It seemes to water at the sight, and spends
Her summe of teares : for if they want prevention,
Who'er is dim'd, *Europe* will want some light,
And will prove poreblind, if not lose her sight.

Europe

The Battaile of Crefcey.

Europe may feare, these cannot be dismaid,
 For they have other worke : as when two
 Champions, who ne'r were taught to be affraid,
 Are list'd in, deaths businesse to doe,
 The pale ring of spectatours, which are there,
 Are farre more frighted than the fighters are.

The cloud of war was ready to dissolve
 To showers of blood : the aire affrighted fear'd
 The blowes it should receive : they all resolve
 To goe, or send to death : but all is cleard :
 What was presaged black, proves a faire day,
 A Ladies breath dispeld the storme away.

Sister to *Philip*, mother to *Edwards* wife,
 The Lady *Iane de Valois* interceeds,
 A cloystered Nun sets period to the strife,
 Or else whole troopes had died, but now none bleeds:
 Troopes of that force, that had they joynd in one,
 Had throwne a palenesse on the Turkish moone.

While they are fixt on their intentions, she
 Fights with their passions, runs from side to side,
 And with firme patience, ripe dexterity,
 Cuts her owne way, and will not be denied.
 The captive windes thus labour in the ground,
 To rend that passage that could not be found.

The Battaille of Crescey.

17

Goe blessed Nun, whose tunefull eloquence,
And finewie rhet'rick did winde the state
Of the great question then was in suspence:
Thou didst in this so supererogate;
That if one may anothers merit have,
Thy surplusage a world of scolds shall save.

Coriolanus armd with fury, dar'd
Bid a defiance to ingratefull *Rome*;
And would have humbled her proud hils, nor feard
Had the grim father of *Romes* founder come.
His mothers loving prayer make him yeeld,
Her armes, not *Romes*, must make him quit the field.

Edward for *England* hafts, puts out of pay
His forreine aids: he findes his treasures
Starv'd by his Officers, since he went away:
The *Dutch* shall not share in his victories:
The *English* only shall partake in glory,
None else be quoted in their honourd story.

Nor is it wisdome where no treasures are,
To hope for succour from a strange supply:
Mony's the nerve and ligament of war,
It makes them fight, and keepes from mutiny.
Leaders are foules, armies the bodies, coine
The vitall spirits that doe both combine.

C

This

The Battaile of Crescey.

This truce was midwife to that high dislike
Louys of Bavier tooke, who now pretends
Edward had wrongd him, who a truce did strike,
 And not let him be privy to his ends.

The man that from thy friendship would be gone,
 Can an occasion finde where thou leftst none.

But fare him well : *Louys* is far from *France*,
Edward a new confederate hath found,
 Who can more powerfully his case advance,
Monfort in *France* can *France* more deeply wound.
Louys at every instant cannot come,
Monfort's in distance, and he can strike home.

Now war doth quit her prison, and rejoyce
 To try in *Britaine* her uncertaine chance.
Edward for *Monfort* stands, *Philip* for *Blois*,
 Who both plead right in that inheritance :
 Weapons are drawne on both sides to cut out
 Their rights, but are put up before they fought.

For now two Cardinals (a Nun before)
 Make a faire truce, and are the shields of *France*,
 As *Fabius* of *Rome* : their words fence more
 Than armes ; but when the English next advance,
 And march to *Crescey*, then the French shall know
 Their Church hath not a guard for such a blow,
 Impatient

The Battaille of Crescey.

19

Impatient *Mars* once more to prison must,
And fast from blood ; nor dare once dreame of fight,
Their tooles of death for want of use shall rust, (bright
Whilst plowmen stewd in sweat make theirs looke
Tis irons proper use, for which twas found,
Not to carve up a Christian, but the ground.

This pause doth not determine, but defer, (fought :
And make more worke for wounds, when next they
This rest doth to another day refer.

This fire is but smothered, not put out.

Truce is the *cour-few* bell, whose humming chime
Rakes up wars embers for some other time.

Now though their helmets gather rust, and are
The shops where spiders weave their bowels forth ;
Yet let not those brave heads, which did them weare,
In rusty idlenesse entomb their worth.

The spirits are extinct, and valour dies,
Without their soveraigne diet, exercise.

Which mov'd our second *Arthur* to erect
A table, lest their magnanimity
Should languish in dull coldnesse, and neglect
Of practising their armes, and Chevalry.

For exercise and emulation are
The parents that beget children for war.

The Battaile of Crescey.

Fam'd *Arthur* worthy of best pens, but that
 Truth is so far before 'tis out of sight.
 Thy acts are made discourse for those that chat
 Of *Hamptons* cut-throat, or the *Red-rose* Knight :
 Yet there is truth enough in thy faire story,
 Without false Legends to enshrine thy glory.

Some Monkish pen hath given thy fame more blowes,
 Than all the *Saxons* could thy body lend :
 The hand a sacrifice to *Vulcan* owes,
 That kild the truth by forgeries it pend.
 When truth, and falshood enterlaced ly,
 All are thought falshoods by posterity.

And to invite great men from forreine parts
 (Guests worthy of this table) he did ad
 Rich salaries to sublimite their hearts
 For high designs : some guerdon must be had
 To raise a great, and a dejected soule :
 Virtue steeres bravely where there's such a pole.

Antiquity the Arts so flourishing saw,
 Cheerd by their Patrons sweet and temperate aire :
 Twas hope of meed that made *Apelles* draw
 Such an unvalued peece of *Philips* heire :
 And well he might : rewards not only can
 Draw such a picture, but make such a man.

Philip

The Battaile of Crescey.

21

Philip well knowing this affociation
Was of high consequence, and great import,
A table did erect in imitation,
Where *Almaines* and *Italians* should resort.
He writ by *Edwards* copy : in all Schooles
Examples may instruct as well as rules.

Yet in the reigne of this first sonne of *Mars*,
All is not sternely rugged ; some delights,
Sweet amorous sports to sweeten tarter wars,
And then a dance began the Garter Knights.
They swell with love, that are with valour fild,
And *Venus* doves may in a headpeece build.

As *Sarums* beauteous Countesse in a dance
Her loosned garter unawares let fall,
Renowned *Edward* tooke it up by chance,
Which gave that order first originall.
Thus saying to the wondring standers by,
There shall be honour to this silken tie.

From that light act this *Order* to begin,
May seeme derogatory from its worth :
And yet small things have directories been
Actions of veneration to bring forth.
That accident might the originall prove :
Nobility lies couching under love.

At least the *motto* retorted on the Queene,
 And siniling Courtiers inight from hence proceed.
 Something like that of *Philips*, having seene
 The regiment of lovers that lay dead
 At *Cheronea*. *May destruction fall*
On them, who these thinke any ill at all.

Some the beginning from first *Richard* bring,
 (Counting too meanly of this pedegree)
 When he at *Acon* tied a leather string
 About his soldiers legs, whose memory
 Might stir their valour up. But choose you whether
 You'il *Edwards* filke prefer, or *Richards* leather.

But they take not a scruple of delight,
 More than's by nature given to relish paine
 At once, you're welcome pleasure, and good night,
 Before tis settled, tis expeld againe.
 As dogs of *Nilus* drinke, a snatch, and gone;
 Sweets must be tasted, and not gluttred on.

By this time *France* is rank, her veines are full
 And ripe to be let blood; deaths instruments
 Are now keene edged, which before were dull,
 And fit to execute the minds intents.
 The furies rowled from their loathed shelves,
 For former fastings, now may feast themselves.

This

The Battaille of Crefcey.

23

This truce was not to famish them, but get
Them better stomachs when they next shall feed ;
The fight, and not the war was ended yet,
War by peace only is determined.

Truce but suspends a war, makes it not cease :
For there's no *medium* between war and peace.

Th' act of hostility, and the exercise
Of war hath stoppage, but the war is still :
As when victorious sleep doth win my eyes,
And captivate my senses ; yet none will
Say I have lost my sense : thus truces are
But the mere sleepes, and holydayes of war.

The sword, the shield, the battaile axe, the speare,
Are taken from the well stor'd armory,
And that which justly shall beget most feare,
The well experienc'd English archery,
Who knew to conquer. *Parthia* can't shew
Such high rais'd Trophies as our English bow.

Tall ships are rigg'd, and with provision stord,
Stay but a while, till a faire winde shall rise :
Yong *Iason* had not such with him aboard,
When bound to *Colchos* for the golden prize.
The merry ships as they were launching forth,
Did seeme to dance to have in them such worth

The Battaile of Crescey.

The failes as if with child, grew big with wind,
 And long to have flowne ore the briny ford :
 The rising waves for feare, themselves declind,
 Supposing they were *Neptunes* were abroad :
 Or else for feare *Neptune* kept down the maine,
 Lest seeing them, it would have chang'd the reigne.

The vessels are unlading of their freight,
 Richer than ever crost the seas before ;
 The earth with longing did appeare to wait,
 As proud to have their footsteps on the shore.
 But the dipleased sea growne angry now,
 Vext for this losse, fretted her wrinckled brow.

But if wise nature had informd the earth,
 That all her *Vert* should into *Gules* be turnd,
 Or of that blood she should teeme such a birth
 As she had of the Giants, she had mournd,
 Or else sunck downe under the trembling flood,
 Then had they fought in a red sea of blood.!

None knew to what his purposes did lead,
 Nor how he aimed : his counsels he did close
 Vnder the seale of silence, all were freed
 From possibility to tell his foes.

Counsels should ly so deep, none might them sound,
 This god the Romans buried in the ground.

Some

The Battaile of Crescey.

25

Some thirty thousand foot great *Edward* led,
With these were joynd twenty five hundred horse.
The French the fields with five such numbers spred ;
Yet heated by their wrongs, he beards their force.

Not *Clements* mediation can assuage
The just incensed flame of *Edwards* rage.

Their hosts before twice did their weapons shake,
Twice did their hosts returne without a stroke,
They truce at *Tourney*, and at *Malstroict* make,
A truce twice made, the French as often broke.
The unmanly forfeit of fidelity
Is worst eclipse in sphere of majesty.

The truce thus broke, they for themselves pretend
The other guilty of this fraction,
They can no longer hold ; their hands did bend
Vnto this businesse of destruction,
And worke of ruine : and conclude it fit
To prove the will which destiny had writ.

Questionlesse *Philip* brake it, for he spils
Bacons and *Clissons* blood in *Normandy* :
Nor can one place confine his rage, he kils
Edwards approved friends in *Picardy*.

Our friends are parts make us entirely one,
What's left of us is lame, when they are gone.

Man,

Man, as he's man, to sheild from injury,
 Man by that bare relation's bound to doe:
 But if they be our friends, that double ty
 Makes valour justice, and one virtue two.
 Woods protect beasts, and altars slaves defend,
 A friend for sanctuary flies to his friend.

But what's the fault that *Philip* here pretends?
 A sinne drawne from the womb; they *English* were.
 But more: these worthies all were *Edwards* friends.
 O that's a mortall sinne *France* cannot spare.
 Yet since they crowned with these titles dy,
 It is their honour, not their misery.

But that which most agreeved *Edward* strooke,
 And to his honour seem'd the greatest staine,
Philip too hautily that homage tooke,
 Which *Edward* did to him for *Aquitaine*.
 When you depresse great spirits that aspire,
 You throw down bals to make them rise the higher

Must active *Edward* homage to him sweare,
 Whom *Edward* thinkes of him should hold in fee?
Philip might well that ceremonie spare,
 Nor brave him with that lower qualitie,
 Who was his equall, and should shake his throne,
 And him out of it, for this act alone.

The Battaile of Crescey.

27

It is a trespasse against martiall right,
To take up wrongs on trust, and not repay :
When bearing old ones new ones do invite,
There *Clement* cannot *Edwards* fervour stay,
Since he is justly fir'd, lesse shall be done
Now by a *Pope*, than had been by a *Nun*.

His fleet sets down his men in *Normandy*,
And then is left to th' faith of *Huntingdon*.
In this faire heaven of magnanimity,
The Prince the rising starre of honour shon,
Fixt here so soone by's fathers hand, who meant
He there should fall, or guild that firmament.

In January, and about this time
The forward trees did buds and blossomes bring,
The winter did anticipate the prime,
May I not think, that this prodigious spring
Presag'd this sprig of fame so soone should sprout,
And shoot the buds of hopefull actions out ?

When higher acts must presently be done,
And works of wonder ; those whom heaven doth cast
For actors, with great forwardnesse come on,
And are made fit with a miraculous haste.

They're perfected by instants, not degrees :
At once they blossom like the *Mulbery* trees.

March

The Battaile of Crescey.

March on ; and now at *Caranton* they are,
 Great *Cliffons* hands are naild upon her gates :
 This act shall make her feeble th' extreme of war,
 And wronged *Cliffons* hands shall spin her fates.
 Like a Petar they make her gates to fly,
 And ope a passage to their misery.

For *Caranton* can now no longer hold,
 (For guilt is fearfull) and the English are
 Like heards of wolves amidst a fleecy fold,
 Wrong'd favours turn'd to fury none will spare.
 From drams of *Cliffons* blood whole pounds are
 And hundreds are attonement for his head. (shed.

The wals that would have guarded them, shall burne,
 And cause they shar'd in guilt, be razed downe :
Edward the buildings doth to atomes turne,
 As if he would annihilate the towne.
 For that his corps they of its rites beguile :
 The towne in flames is *Cliffons* funerall pile.

After some warmer bickerings they win
 The populous towne of *Caen* in *Normandy* :
 Then *Falaise*, *Lyseaux*, *Houfleur* they take in,
 Who yeeld their fortunes which they durst not try.
 If *Caen* be cast, whose pleas more urging are,
 These dare not bring their cases to the bar.

Swords

The Battaile of Crescey.

29

Swords sweating drops of blood, do sacrifice
To *Edwards* slaughterd friends: where ere they came,
Vindictive fires whole villages surprize,
And in a lightning round make such a flame,
That if the fire under the Moone were spent,
There were supplies for that fourth element.

With these two ushers having cut his way, (spread
(Which could have cut one through the Alpes) hee
His force i'th' Ile of France; for yet no stay
Had shewd it selfe, no foe had made a head.

Edward's neere *Paris* now; and in the eye
Of *France* will wrastle for the mastery.

Philip awaked had purveied together
A goodly power, which he to *Meulan* led;
Edward retires upon his comming thither,
And *France* imagines that our *Edward* fled.
But twas not *Meulan* where they should debate,
Twas printed *Crescey* in the map of fate.

And twas high time to bid the *English* stand,
But yet they had not clos'd with them in fight.
They tumble downe the bridges, and command
Th' impetuous streames to countercheck their might.

Edward must combat, if he will passe ore,
Now against water, as with fire before.

But

The Battaile of Crefcey.

But while the English are in search to finde
 Where it is fordable, and how they might
 Gaine to the other side, the French divin'd
 By weake conjectures, that this stay was flight.
 Thus doe we build assurance on a wave,
 And easily beleeve what we would have.

Weake man (the well stor'd shop of vanities)
 (Dreame of a shade, and shadow of a dreame)
 Erects presumptions on uncertainties,
 And is in feares, and hopes fondly extreme.
 Thoughts aiery castles in a breath doe fall,
 And hopes which highest fly, flag first of all.

Edward in them will nourish this conceit,
 That he is still afraid, to make them dare
 Come neerer danger, nor will he deny't
 They should interpret that this stay was feare :
 But spight of comments, when he meets them next,
 They'll finde their glosse was nothing to his text.

The streame no longer can their journey bound,
 Nor with his winding armes the passage keepe
 On *Blanchtraque* upon *Some* the English found
 A ford which nature had not made so deepe :
 For nature durst not be rebellious
 To stay, whom heaven would have victorious.

Where

The Battaille of Crescey.

31

Where was this ford before ? never before
This maiden ford had an impression in it :
Never till now was there a passage ore :
Till now no traveller could ever win it
To let him passe : as if this loving shelve
For this great favour had refer'vd it selfe.

A simple peasant did the way direct,
Who to the English then a prisoner was :
A jumping hind did once the ford detect,
Where *Clovis* might *Viennas* river passe.
Nature hath made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man.

Then *Edward* bravely enterd on the ford,
(Like to great *Philips* greater sonne, when he
Fought against *Poras*) with this moving word,
He that doth love me, let him follow me :
It was a word so forcive, that it might
Make valour wonders doe, and basenesse fight.

Philip six thousand foot, a thousand horse,
Sends to the ford whom *Godmar* led a long :
To lay a rub before the English course :
But opposition maketh strength more strong.
For virtue gathers heat by having foes ;
Valour is chil'd and numb'd when none oppose.

As

The Battaile of Crecsey.

As when the sea hath artificiall bounds,
 And dammes have laid command upon the waves,
 Not rebell-like to overrun the grounds;
 More madded with these stops, it wildly raves.
 For valour's of that one-ey'd Captaines minde,
 I will make a passage where it cannot finde.

fury is not by full resistance tamde,
 voiding must ward it: he is mad will stay,
 A Beare or Bull broke loose: fury enflamd
 Is violent in all that's in its way.
 What stands before is offered to the eye
 In the true nature of an enemy.

And now *St. George*. The French are mowed down
 Like men ripe for the sword: the English won
 The quitted bank; *Godmar* is overthrown,
 And when no hands to fight, hath feet to run:
 And lest their army should too great be thought,
 Leads back two thousand fewer then he brought.

The losse was not so great as the disgrace,
 For *Godmar* startled with our resolution,
 His soldiers saw cold feare writ in his face,
 And in those letters read their owne confusion.
 Apish of what they saw their Captaine doe,
 He was affraid, and so will they be too.

They

The Battaile of Crescey.

33

They bring their King nothing but feare, and shame,
They seeme like sp'rits which haunt a charnell house,
They were so pale : so red, as if they came
From Tyrian dyfat, or a Greeke caroule.

Who is't can blazon both the colours there ?
Purpled at once with shame, candied with feare.

Philip tooke fire, strooke with this hard event,
(And yet his heat sufficient to give fire)
His violent intentions are bent
Almost to breaking ; and his wilde desire
Cals for his danger, as one meant to fight
To whip himselfe for his owne oversight.

Anger's the mother of a furious haste,
Haste the stepmother of the best designs :
Things that are longest ripening, longest last,
A sudden elevation soone declines.
Precipitate resolves abortive come,
Like a rude embryo from miscarying womb.

Counsell advis'd, that his distoured men
Should have some pause to breath, and rectifie
Their startled spirits, then fall on agen.
But he blowne up with hope of victory,
Flyes to the English army, whence he thought
Conquest to fetch, but he it thither brought.

D

Calme

The Battaile of Crescey.

Calme *Edward* is encamp'd at *Crescey* now,
 Which in his mothers right was *Edwards* owne :
Crescey is famed for that overthrow,
 Where horreur in the deepest die was showne.
 To be in view of that which is ones right,
 Would make a heart far lesse than *Edwards* fight.

Well temper'd *Edward* having sent by prayer
 His hope to heaven, begins to draw the fashion
 His army now should go in, with such faire
 Assurednesse, and freedome from all passion,
 That he had pos'd a Stoick to see there
 So great a danger with so small a feare.

In three battalias the King drew out
 His men, by valiant Commanders led :
Wales her yong Lion in the vangard fought,
 Which like a herse in forme was ordered.
 It were enough to make a coward fly,
 To see this emblem of mortality.

With him was *Harcourt*, *Warwick*, and *La Ware*,
Beaucham, and *Bourchier*, worthies who knew well
 The use of hand and head : the next troopes are
 Led by *Northampton*, *Suffolk*, *Arundel*,
 Chiefes who like soules could the dull spirits stir,
 In the chill heart of coldest follower.

The

The Battaile of Crescey.

35

The third batalia King *Edward* led,
His soldiers might under his conduct be
Proud, and secure : so *Mars* stood in the head
Of his robustious Thracian company.

The three battalias seem d as they did stand,
The three-fork'd thunder in *Ioves* flaming hand.

The van the Prince of hope and honour led,
To give first welcome to the enemy.
The body of the strength is managed
By *Suffolks* active soule of Chevalry.
Edward to moderate brings up the reere,
And like a Pilot stands behinde to steere.

The English army is clos'd up behinde,
And barricado'd that they cannot flie.
Their horses tooke away, put them in minde,
That they were there to conquer, or to die.
Tis policy to bar the meanes of flight,
Necessity will make a coward fight,

Couragious *Edward* spurs their valour on,
And cheeres his sprightfull soldiers : where he came,
His breath did kindle valour where was none,
And where it found a spark, it made a flame.
Armies of fearfull hearts will scorne to yeeld,
If Lions be their Captaines in the field.

D 2

Through

The Battaile of Crescey.

Through all the army this tenth worthy rid,
 With a white rod in his victorious hand;
 As if to chastise fortune if she did
 But dare his uncontrol'd designs withstand.
 Though fooles and cowards at the name doe quake,
 The wise and valiant their fortune make.

The King (as strength joyned with wisdome should)
 Set targets in the front, to save his men
 From *Genoan* crosbowes; so wise *Rome* of old
 Gave crownes to them that sav'd a citisen.
 Offensive rashnesse she did not commend:
 'Tis the first act valour to defend.

Which made the old King of *Bohemia* say,
 The English marshalling speakes this intent,
 Either to lose their lives, or win the day:
 To get a Trophy, or a monument.
 A foldier hath two aimes; to win, or dy:
 A coward two, quickly to win, or fly.

Old age had thrown a darknesse on his eyes,
 He saw not objects in a distance were:
 He sees not how our English army lies,
 Yet he did farther see, though not so far.
 He could not reach the army with his sight,
 And yet he saw the issue of the fight.

OUT

The Battaille of Crefcey.

37

Our army by the French was mastered
In number, in advantage, and in show.
Yet all with *Edwards* right were ballanced.
Furious *D'Alanson* in the front must goe
To keepe with's fire : had he been in the rere,
That had beene in the van, though he not there.

Then *Savois* Earle to make the conquest full,
Brings in a thousand to the enemy,
To share in his hop'd fortunes, and to pull
A pinion from the wing of victory :
But *Savoy* here his debt to nature payes,
And plucketh *Cypresse* for triumphant *Bayes*.

Philip his bloody banner did erect,
On which they lay much faith, as faln from hev'n :
And that the French like rigour might expect
From a just fury, *Edward* to be even,
Advanc'd his *Dragon Gules*, to let them know,
They must have none that will no mercy show.

Black was the day : the *Chaos* was thus black
Before twas said, *let there be light* ; the clouds
Opend their watry treasures, which did crack
They were so full, all is in sable shrouds :
The symptomes of true grieve were in the sphere,
As if it meant to be chiefe mourner here.

The Battaille of Crescey.

The Sun at first halfe scared with the sight,
 Behind the Moone with halfe his body lies :
 So soone as he was quitted of this fright,
 He shot his beames full on the Frenchmens eyes,
 And 'gainst them let his rayes like arrowes fly,
 As if he sided with our archery.

Then on a cloud an arch triumphall drew,
 And lookt upon that watry looking-glasse,
 That he himselfe might by reflexion view,
 Whether his late eclipse had chang'd his face :
 Or else it was to let the English know
 How much they were indebted to the bow.

The lightning cuts the aire with flaming wing,
 Willing to aid the Sun in that dark day:
 And heavens great shot did in the welkin ring,
 And with loud bellowings usher the fray,
 As if for those great Lords which there should fall,
 Heaven ow'd a volly to the funerall.

Shoales of ill-boding ravens (as if the sky
 Had not beene dark enough) a shadow made
 Dark as the clouds ; that though the glorious eye
 Of heaven had shin'd they had beene in the shade.
 Fowles joyntly met to feast upon the dead,
 The guests were tombes where men were buried.
 Death

The Battaille of Crescey.

39

Death in this gloominesse thus shadow'd out,
Presag'd an army should be overthrowne,
Twas *Bohems* augury before they fought :
He saw the death of others, not his owne.

He stood too neere himselſe : ſome eyes command
The objects diſtance, ſee not what's at hand.

The pikes are order'd, enſignes are diſplayd,
And menace brave extremity ; the light
Of glittering helmes, and waving ſtreames made
A day ſeem cleere which before ſeemed night :
Pale feare had amorous lookes, and all the while
Terrour lookt lovely, and death ſcem'd to ſmile.

The ſhafts headed with death, and wing'd with ſpeed,
Now to the arch'd engine they apply,
Which as if hungry on mans fleſh to feed,
With greedy certainty appear'd to fly.
Their bowes with ſuch a certainty they drew,
As *Phœbus* did when he the *Python* flew.

We to the greygooſe wing more conqueſts ow,
Than to the *Monks* invention ; for then
We cull'd out mighty armes to draw the bow,
Striplings oft ſerve us now, then only men.
For theſe hot engines equall miſchiefe can,
Diſcharged by a boy, or by a man.

D 4

Bullet,

Bullets, because they undiscerned fly,
 Workelcffe effects of feare : but dangers seen,
 If they cannot be fenc'd, more terrifie ;
 At startled fenfe, reason hath startled been ;
 Amaz'd to have fo many shafts in fight,
 In hope to ward them they forget to fight.

A well felected archer can let fly
 Thrice, for one shot of the beft musketeere :
 And barbed arrowes gall more eagerly, (there ;
 Where they once light, they fecond fresh wounds
 And mad the horfe, who will not forward flur,
 More fenfible of them, than of the spur.

Who madded as they backward fly, doe fall
 Foule on their owne, and doe their service there,
 Whilft their owne horfes their owne quarters maull,
 They both themfelves and enemy muft feare.
 Thus broke, with an unwilling courtesie,
 They ope a paffage to the enemy.

The musketeers difcharge but in one rank
 At once, but whole fquadrons of archers may :
 Thefe wound at randome, they but at point blank ;
 And when both fides are now engag'd in fray
 At push of pike ; behinde the armed foot,
 Though *muskets* cannot, yet the *bows* may shoot.

At

The Battaile of Crescey.

41

At the fam'd battaile of *Lepanto*, when
Valiant yong *Austria* was Admirall.
Th' Turkish archery did slay more men,
Than by our peeces of all forts did fall.

And the white faith of history cann't show
That ere the musket yet could beat the bow.

The *Genoan* bowes to make the *French* horse way
In the first point are ranged : but the showres
Auxiliary heav'n distill'd that day,
Dissolve the *Genoan* strings, but hurt not ours.

Small things work much where victory is due,
And only hurt your foe, though might hurt you.

Now since their bowes unserviceable be,
The King commanded *Alanfon* to rent
And beat them from the point : thus oft we see
Actions condemn'd for some ill accident
Which may miscarry, when tis not the crime
Of those that did attempt them, but the time.

Meane men are often in small faults impeacht,
Greatnesse above the clouds so high is shrin'd,
It cannot by *Ioves* greatest shot be reacht,
And laughs at the low vollies of the wind :
Wolfebane 'mongst roses leaves its deadly sent,
Faults among great men finde no punishment,

Good

The Battaile of Crefcey.

Good discipline had fet them in the front,
 As first to taste the danger, and to beare
 The weighty pressure of the ensuing brunt :
 Wise policy would still have kept them there,
 I'th' face of horreur, for no cause but that,
 To be the buts which we might leuell at.

But *Alanfon* pretending that their course,
 Was hindred by them, cryes, *on, on, my friends,*
Beare downe this baser Genowaies with your horse,
And on their bellies raise your higher ends.
 Thy rashnesse, *Alanfon*, will blast thy name,
 And on their ruines thou shalt build thy shame,

Our English of their strings more care did take,
 Whose winged pursuivants deaths message beare,
 Some through loves seat, the liver, passage make,
 As if our *Archers* had beene *Cupids* there :
 Some strike lifes seat, the heart, so that you can
 Scarce tell, if death did shoot them or a man.

As when the colder region of the aire
 Moulds raine to haile-shot, the relenting tree
 Of the plump God, lusty before, and faire,
 Loseth her rubies with heavens battery.

Thus fell the foe ; for shoot though in the dark,
 Tis hard to misse, when the whole field's a mark.

The

The Battaille of Crefcey.

43

The *Genovaes* thus broken, and disgrac'd,
Divert their anger, and their choler bend
Against the French ; thus vext, they 're soone displac'd:
Dishonour had untaught them to defend.

They cann't prevaile, who are at once to fight
With th' English arrowes, and the French despight.

And lest this rupture should be clos'd agen,
And cemented with order, and with care :
The English wedg'd together, dashing in,
Did rive these breaches greater then they were.

Small cracks are previous to the greatest rents :
Meane things dispose to highest consequents.

The *Genoan* tempest thus dispell'd, their force
Divided wins no feare ; a mighty flood
Cut in small rils, is weakned in his course,
And parted strength is easily withstood.

Divide, and then you conquer : for though none
Can breake a sheafe of darts, he may breake one.

Disorder's next to ruine, and destroyes
The essence of creatures, order did create.
Then by the rule of contrarieties,
Tis a disorder doth annihilate.

By this ill shaped enemy do fall,
Both bodies politick and naturall.

Continued

The Battaille of Crescey.

Continued or collected bodyes are
 Weakned by their disunion ; but doe
 Get strength by un'ty ; beames reflex'd are far
 More hot, because they are united : so
 We see in bodies livened by a soule,
 The union of the parts conserves the whole.

Divisions ruine Realmes : the Monarchies
 Of *Mars* his *Rome*, and *Macedon* thus fall :
 Christendomes whip that now doth tyrannize,
 Shall thus returne to her originall.

Factions those commas are, that bring the state
 Of Kingdomes to their period, and to fate.

The hot Count *Alanfon* with fiery horse
 Scoures ore the plaines with an impetuousnesse,
 Which eas'ly made it a short winded course :
 As it was said of great *Themistocles* :

His flame was soone extinguish'd, and did draw
 To a too sudden end, like fire in straw.

The Generous mettall'd courser (as if we
 Had beene too slow on foot) is taught to fight :
 We borrow speed to meet our enemy,
 And fly to our revenge : and to doe right
 Vnto the active French ; old *Theffaly*
 Won not more Garlands than her Chevalry.

Armies

The Battaile of Crescey.

45

Armies (if we *Iphicrates* will heare)
Are of themselves dull bodies, nor can weeld
Their Sullen weights, unlesse the horse be there,
Which are the feet : indeed the horse at field
Are best in actions of celerity,
In expeditions, and discovery.

But horse 'gainst resolute foot but little win:
The mounting is more firme, the aime's more sure :
For footmen haue their moving from within,
They from their horse : yet horse are more secure
In flight, and have (as *Xenophon* did say)
But the advantage when they run away.

Alanson now the caussey hath transpast,
Paved with Genoan bodies : with him post
Sauoy and *Lorraine*, not with speed, but haste ;
As if all had beene lost, if they not lost.
But 'twas ill weather they did journey in :
A showre of Steele did wet them through the skin.

At the first charge they with such furie went,
As if they were their owne artillery :
Their second charge wants fire, as if they meant
To prove the censure of antiquity ;
That at the first they could out-act a man,
But at the next doe lesse than women can.

Though

Though the first troopes that came did cut, and draw
 Danger so like it selfe, with shape so fit,
 With looke so grim, that he who never saw
 Danger before, would guesse that that were it :

Yet they want *Edwards* hand ; for they did but
 Cut out their danger, he their ruine cut.

He led a regiment of well-pickt forces,
 Who tilting through their quarters, rend their way :
 With crosbowes he securely flank'd his horses,
 That shafts and lances might together play.

Shafts, as if carri'd, lend a certaine blow,
 Speares, as if shot, did suddenly do so.

They're now at rugged embrace with the foe,
 And bring death sooner by their being there :
 Tis the best act of love that hate can doe,
 By halstning death to give lesse time to feare.

He that tooke feare to halves, was there a saver,
 Death at once had, and lookt for is a favour.

The sprightly *Count* is quickly out of breath,
 Like to heavens lightning, as soone out, as seene,
 A gallant flash before the night of death ;
 Those edges soonest turne, that are most keene.

A sober moderation stands sure,
 No violent extremities endure.

Those

The Battaille of Crescey.

47

Those motions continue, that doe goe
Natures soft pace : she doth her progresse hold
With a firm'd softnesse : like those dames that doe
Walk lively, when the Church book stiles them old :
Yet natures selfe redoubling her haste,
Sayer her owne motions have not long to last.

As soone as banks were set to bound the course
Of this fierce eddy, *Alanson's* engaged
Within the lists of death ; the galled horse
(Impatient patients of their wounds) enraged,
Dismount their riders, vext, that they did beare
Men, that did spur them to those dangers there.

Valour on either side was so sincere,
That it refus'd no test, and fear'd no touch :
Nor in the weight was any difference there,
Both to a scruple equally as much.
The dayes and nights were never poiz'd more even,
By the impartiall ballances of heaven.

Danger growne proud, did like an Eagle scorne
To stoope at flies, or on small quarries light :
The weight of *France* ambitiously was borne
On *Edward* : English against *Philip* fight.

The Tamarisk's secur'd by growing under,
They're Pines & Cedars that are cuf't with thunder.

It

It is wars cruell policy to play
 High at the head : armies are pulled downe
 Best by the poule : when Kings lives waft away
 In a *Red sea* ; the soldiers vent their owne (Kings
 Through their wide wounds. In these great engines
 Doe stand at once, both for the wheelles and springs.

Now carefull *Philip* his battalia brings
 To disengage his cosen : and foresight
 And providence in Kings doe make them Kings :
 Kingdomes are *Chaoses* without their light.
 And in *Niles* mystick characters, the eye
 More than the *scepter* noted majesty.

Suffolk as wary on his battaile drew,
 To aid his Prince, and check the King of *France* :
 While rusty horror through the armies flew,
 And dealt his dole of death : indiff'rent chance
 Durst not yet choose the side on which to be,
 And no lesse wavering was victory.

Reason it selfe did think it fit to leave them
 To their wilde passions, and let fury guide :
 Now choler of their reason doth bereave them :
 If fury be at home, reason's deni'd.

Madnesse and anger differ but in this,
 This is short madnesse, that long anger is.

The

The Battaile of Crescey.

49

The swordes forgot to glister any more,
As loth to lend their light to that dark shade :
They're double dyde in a deep graine of gore,
You'd think they had so many Comets made :
So many by their fatall seifures di'd,
That *Atropos* might lay her knife aside.

The pondrous mace wheeling about, did fall /
Like ruine on their heads : there a scull flies
New rob'd of braines : they did so strongly maull,
As if a single stroke should pulverize.

If any death did aske more blowes then one,
The act were sullied, and the lustre gone.

Of old the Tyrian Dyers thus did slay
The Purple fishes : if more strokes than one
Were us'd in killing them, by very stay
The blood converted to corruption.

So dropt the French ; as if 'twere meant thereby,
They should a purple death like Purples die.

The artificiall wood of speares was wet
With yet warme blood ; and trembling in the winde,
Did rattle like the thornes which nature set
On the rough hyde of an arm'd Porcupine :
One looked like the trees which dropped gore,
Pluckt from the tomb of slaughter'd *Polydore*.

E

Here

The Battaile of Crescey.

Here a hand sever'd, there an eare was cropt ;
 Here a chap falne, and there an eye put out ;
 Here was an arme lopt off, there a nose dropt ;
 Here halfe a man, and there a lesse peece fought.
 Like to dismembred statues they did stand,
 Which had been mangled by times iron hand.

There one (as if unwilling should be spent
 Cost to make Marble seeme to live) doth meane
 To be himselfe a cheaper monument,
 Whilst flaine, he still upon his sword doth leane.
 And for the service he did there that day,
 Himselfe stood there as his owne *statua*.

Here one, all of whose selfe was as one wound,
 (Oftrner transfixt than mighty *Scævas* sheild)
 Sometimes himselfe, sometimes he beats the ground,
 Or clings so fast, as if he'de win the field.
 So many wayes to death, yet doth not die,
 The soule uncertaine which way it should flie.

There two united gores doe make one flood,
 Wherein the duellers do faile to death :
 Thus Elephants and Dragons mix their blood
 When both do conquer, and both lose their breath.
 Their angry bloods did in two chancels run,
 But friendly now in death flow but in one.

King

The Battaile of Crefcey.

51

King *Edward* like a cloud hung on a hill,
(As *Africks* Captaine said of *Fabius*)
Marking those gamesters, ready to distill
When need should bid him be propitious :
And whilst he wisely watched for their sakes,
Not only view'd the sport, but kept the stakes.

Hence with a settled spirit he survai'd
His troopes of lively combatants, (for he
Was spirit in this sphere, and if it stayd,
Could give it motion, and activity :
Nay, if he pleas'd to take that resolution,
Give it the period, and last revolution.)

As an old Eagle perched on a tree,
(After the Sunne hath ratified her brood
By their unwavering eyes) is proud to see
Her royall birds embrue themselves in blood.
So stood the King, whose heart within him glowes
To see his Eaglet flesht upon his foes.

But as *Ioves* trees, that crowne proud *Idas* brow,
Stoope at stiffe *Eols* oft repeated rore,
And many drops can eat a Marble through :
So numbers iterated beare valour ore.

What ? can a faintnesse fall on such ? it can :
Edward may faint, though he be more than man.

E 2

Nor

The Battaile of Crescey.

Nor the intelligence that moves the sphere,
 Nor sphere it selfe doth any faintnesse prove ;
 Because there is no contranitence there :
 Nat' rals moved nat' rally may ever move.

If to the center were an immense space,
 A stone for ever could maintaine the race.

But whilst our soules have union with clay,
 Our limbes in upper motions are prest
 By their owne struggling weight another way.
 Exhausted spirits bid our motions rest.

No mortall's indefatigable : then
 Had they not fainted, who had thought them men ?

Now as the English over on the brink
 Of ruine, ready now to make a freight
 For gristly *Charons* leaking boat, and sink
 Vnder the pressure of their numerous weight.

Vnto the King regardfull *Suffolk* sent :
 He knows to win, that knows how to prevent.

The messenger returnes ; his answer this :
 While the Prince lives, his highnesse will not care,
 Nor think of aid : he saith the day is his,
 As lawfull as his birthright : nor will share
 In his unrivall'd fame ; the field must be
 Either his grave, or stage of victorie.

And

The Battaile of Crefcey.

53

And though he were difmift without a man,
Yet with a nobler present ; for he brought
Accesse of courage, which all numbers can
Out poise ; for they are uneffectuall thought.
And some new spirit did upon them fall,
Breath'd from the check of fuch a Generall.

He was not cruell in this act ; his sonne
Now for his honour fought : and in this strife
Aid had tooke from't : therefore the King fends none,
To shew he valu'd honour above life.

To be indulgent to his life, had beene
To kill his honour, and the greater fin.

What distance is in man ? some are fo much
Beneath a man, that they are scarce above
The worst of beasts : this message cannot touch
This man of men, nor his fixt spirit move.

But should you it unto a coward tell,
It had been deaths stroke, and the passing bell.

But 'twas to *Edward*, and this *Edward* could
As well put off himfelfe, as put on feare :
It were a sinne to worth, if any should
Not think him dreadlesse, and undanted there :

For he was heire apparant to the state,
And feare had prov'd him illegitimate.

Looke, as the earth foundation of all
Our staring buildings, yet it selfe hath none ;
But its owne selfe secures it selfe from fall ;
And hath no buttresses to leane upon.

For whilst grave bodies to the center run,
They hug that point, and poise themselves thereon.

Thus an Heroick soule lodg'd in a brest,
In which are center'd all the lines of worth,
Closely compacted on it selfe doth rest,
And for its selfe its owne supplies brings forth.

Edwards owne worth, if no supports come on,
Is its owne base to stay it selfe upon.

As when the fire winks with a sulphrie blew,
When nipping winter doth astringe the mould
In her strait bands ; degrees of heat accrew
From the circumstant and beleagring cold :

The heat contracted burnes more fervently,
Hugg'd in th'embraces of its enemy.

And as the middle region of the aire,
(The seat of chilnesse) hath the cold made great,
Being besieged by the other paire,
Which keepe the cold penn'd inward with their heat,
Which would be weakned by diffusion : so
Valour hath its intensiō from the foe.

Hope

The Battaille of Crescey.

55

Hope in great actions is too weak a hold,
And yeelds her enterteiner to his foe :
When churlish winds with testy *Neptune* scold,
We cut the cables, and let anchours goe.

Then hope to win when hope of aid is gone,
The way to safety is to looke for none.

Now to themselves left, for themselves to try,
They wrought out the advantage with the sword :
They studied to be knowne to victory,
And fought as fresh, as if they ne'r had stird : (ground
You might have thought that in this field, the
For the perpetuall motion had been found.

If we had any cowards in the field,
They purge their anguish passion, at the sight
To see their Prince menace his flaming sheild
Like to the Sun ; and speare, like Comet light.
Where shadows terminate, light issues in :
Tis first to dare to fight, tis next to win.

But if there were among our English host,
Within the colder region of whose blood
There dwelt perpetuall ice, and shiv'ring frost,
Which could not be dissolv'd : they did this good ;
For every English that did basely die,
Bequeath'd his foe his feare for legacy.

The game of death was but a jest before,
 Turn'd earnest now : before they did but try
 To use their weapons ; there they did no more
 But meditate, here practise how to die.

And if sterne *Mars* had left his sanguine throne,
 Here he had met more *Diomedes* than one.

Mortality till now had but defraid
 Some trifling reck'nings on deaths bloody score,
 Some items not worth counting ; now death's payd
 Whole summes : and *Charons* boat which leakt before,
 Had sunk right downe, had not his Stygian flood
 Been made more faileable, thickned with blood.

Armour, as if 'twere sensible of smart,
 Fals to the ground : his flesh who did it beare,
 Is the best coat of prooffe to guard his heart,
 And their owne armes are best targets there :
 Weapons are dull'd but stomachs keener are,
 And hearts are better pointed then they were.

In *Africk*, neere heavens porter *Atlas* side,
 A Lionesse beseig'd by men and hounds,
 There makes a breach where it is most denide,
 As free from hope of life, as feare of wounds,
 Led by despaire, she scoures about the plaines,
 Thirsty of blood as *Africa* of raine.

The Battaile of Crescēy.

75

So march'd the Prince with his black regiment,
(Assisted by the armes of valiant Lords)
And topt the gawdy Poppies as they went,
And struck such terrour, that before the swords
Did seize, the French stood trembling: thus an oke
Shakes with the winde ushers the thunders stroke.

For they like thunder shot their fury through
Where solidnesse did most resistance make;
And brake in peeces what they could not bow;
Whereon they stand, and thence advanced take
Their stately flight: on humbled backs we rise,
And on the wings of ruine, conquest flies.

Thus *Rome* in a sedition was tooke
When *Arnulph* came their mutinies to quell;
His soldiers shoutings such amazement strooke,
That from the wall the startled Romans fell:
Their heapes were scaling ladders, and their fall
Made him the staires on which he clim'd the wall.

And still the French are hard at work about
The dreames their weening phantasies did make;
But finde the metall that they should beat out
So tough, it would not an impression take.

For conquests have too much realitie
To be the works of the mere phantasie.

The

The Boheme King in head of all his men,
 Encounters with destruction, and dares
 Death to a duell, which did meet him then,
 And with deepe cuts cancell his date of yeeres :
 Disarm'd him not, he still his weapon held,
 As if his ghost should fight when he was kild.

Twas thy desire, brave Prince, thou shouldst be set
 To combat one might parallell a King :
Edward's the match by whom thou shalt be met :
Bohemias Winter fought with *Englands* Spring :
 And there thou stoop'st under his high command :
 Death durst not kill thee but with *Edwards* hand.

There lay the trophie of our Chevalry
 Plum'd of his Ostridge feathers ; which the Prince
 Tooke as the ensigne of his victory,
 Which he did after weare ; and ever since
 The Prince of *Wales* doth that atcheivment beare,
 Which *Edward* first did win by conquest there.

But did no bearded meteors appeare,
 Which Fate sets up at Princes funerals,
 To light them to the other world ? for there
 Another King, *Majorcas* Sovereigne fals.
 One King's too much ; but their two Kings must dy,
 And leave two crownes to crowne one victory.
And

The Battaile of Crescey.

59

And here *Alanfon* had his glorious light
Put out, being hurri'd with too furious haste ;
Which longer would have flam'd, if carried right
With moderation ; thus a light will last,
If it be gently carried about,
Run with it hastily, it will go out.

Kings, upon whom many depend, have us'd
T' have danger at a distance, nor at all
Tread within reach : the Theban Chiefe accus'd
Himselfe for being neere an arrowes fall.
For Kings are those cheife stones which arches knit,
If one be dislocated, all will flit.

A loyall subject hath nor life nor breath
But what's infus'd, and breathed from the Prince.
Who if he rashly shall encounter death,
Stifles too cruelly his influence.
And tis a Problem whether thus to dy,
Or greater rashnesse be, or cruelty.

Leaders without disgrace have sometime fled :
He that did fly this day, may next day fight :
Great *Amurath* had not beene vanquished,
Had not *Huniades* been sav'd by flight.
Where life more than our death availes the State,
Valour by flight may looke for better fate.

Thus

The Battaile of Crescey.

Thus *Bohemes* sonne, since hope had not the face,
 To promise life, or conquest by his stay :
 Conceiv'd it rather wisdom, than disgrace,
 To live by flight ; when 'twas the only way :
 And 'twas enacted he should be preserv'd,
 For heav'n the Empire had for him reserv'd.

But otherwise a Leader must not move,
 But cope with danger : here a Captaines flight
 Reads baseness to his men, and coward love
 Of an ignoble life ; in such a fight
 A valiant *Diomed* will rather dy,
 And scorne to stir though *Nestor* bids him fly.

Twice was the King of *France* beat off his horse,
 By *Henault* mounted up as oft did rise :
 And acted to the height of single force,
 He did so nobly fight, so well advise,
 He seem'd his armies hand, and armies head :
 He fought like *Scæva*, and like *Cæsar* led.

The King this act to *Henault* ow'd alone,
 Who was his prisoner ; and late did fly
 From *Edwards* service ; as if he had gone
 To act this scene of strength and piety.
 For Fate in Adamant did this engrave,
 That he should leave a King, a King to save.

The

The Battaille of Crescey.

61

The valiant King still wraistles with his fate,
As if he would untwist what that had weav'd ;
Deeming the web of fate had beene like that;
With which the Grecian Dame her loves deceiv'd :
Flesh cannot breake the threds the fates have spun,
Like *Narfes* web, theirs cannot be undone.

The blood which streamed from his neck and thigh,
(Imprinted rudely by th' impartiall blade)
Were it the subject of old Poetry,
It had ere this an herb or flowre been made :
Philip by Herbalists had beene enrould,
Narcissus like, or *Hyacynth* of old.

To leave his station he was hardly brought,
Though he heard love and pity bid him fly
To seeke his preservation, for he thought,
He left behind the braver company :
But mov'd by danger, and their love, he fled :
Nature first shewes the ward to fence the head.

Having outliv'd this massacre, he flies
To *Bray* : and being question'd who was there,
The *Fortune of his France*, the King replies.
True : for the King and State like fortune share,
Proteus hath many faces, so hath she,
But Kings and subjects the same face doe see.)

Nor

Nor *Frances* strength nor fortune can prevaile :
 Fortune hath left no refuge but to fly.

Soone as the King turn'd head, his men turn'd taile,
 And leave at once the field and victory.

Soone turn'd the King, the army turn'd as soone,
 Thus a small rudder turnes a *Galeone*.

Feare doth descend : for when inferiours do
 See wise men fearfull, and their betters fly,
 They think themselves are privileged so,
 That precedent this act doth justifie.

If with this epilepse the head be tooke,
 Th' inferiour parts are in an instant strooke.

But let them fly : it is enough, if we
 Can hold our owne, by standing on our guard,
 And provident defence ; for policy
 Did teach the ranks might breake by following hard.

Nor was it charity to chase them now ;
 They had pursuers in them, feares enough.

Nor could we tell what dangerous mischief lay
 To be hatch'd up under the wings of night,
 Which had even now discountenanc'd the day,
 And rob'd the noble office of the fight.

Ruine might there be stumbled on, and we
 Had blinfold fought like the *Andabata*.

The

The Battaile of Crescey.

63

The King congratulates his sonne for this
Fairst earnest of his future victories ;
And sealeth up his language with a kisse.
With mute expressions the Prince replies :
Silence hath Rhetorick, and veiles are best
To portraict that which cannot be exprest.

Wars greater tempest had forgot to blow,
And horrors thicker clouds were driven away ;
But lighter mists, and weaker blasts did now
Appeare to dim the honour of the day :
Thus when a roring storme hath ceas'd to rave,
A trembling noise still murmurs on the wave.

When the next morn had blusht to see the field
Looke redder than it selfe, in purple dight :
Some scatter'd reliques willing to be kild,
Meet rather with a slaughter than a fight.
If the sound bodies of whole armies faile,
Tis madnesse for sore members to assaile.

Some troopes commanded by the *Prior of France*,
And *Roans* Archbishop, run to meet the sword ;
And led by staring rashnesse, or blind chance,
Fly to their death : as I have seene a bird
Leaving the gentle hand, that kept it tame,
Quit the soft perch, and fly into the flame.

These

These by the English breathing death are blown
Out of the field : and day drawn of night :
So many Lords of *France* were overthrown,
That yet I ne'r could judge, if that I might
Or a misfortune, or an honour call
That losse should alwayes on their Nobles fall.

So many Nobles to account this day !
And death finde not one English in her list !
No English Nobles were that day to pay
Mortality her dues : no Noble mist.
Well may you think some Deitie did them shrowd,
As *Venus* did her *Troian* in a cloud.

FINIS.

THE BATTAILE OF *Poitiers* under the Fortunes of EDWARD, surnamed the *Black*.

NOT in full orbe as yet his honour shines :
True honours orbes are fild by digits; grow
By orderly additions : high designs
Doe with methodicall progression goe.
Tall *Cedars* by degrees advance the top.
Tis *mushrome* honour in a night shoots up.

Nature, the hand and instrument of heaven,
With sober pace advanceth fairely on :
Her peeces are produc'd by smooth and even
Degrees, and grow by soft accession.
Nature by *mediums* works, leaps not at all,
And honour leapt to seemes unnaturall.

But yet she stayes not, but doth gently pace
In her continued march : and high-borne sp'rits
Work, as a Faulcon towring to her place
Wins aire by constant circlings, not alights,
Macedons heire could glory, he did raise
His name by expeditions, not delayes.

F

And

And though some pause to virtues acts be set,
 Yet no *Herculean* pillars : she must not
 Stand or retreat, but labour forward yet,
 In great attempts *plus ultra* is the mot.
 For virtues motion there's no period made,
 And 'tis a star must not be retrograde.

Then on great Prince thou eldest sonne of Fame,
 Honours first-borne ; continue still to adde
 Item to virtues, and weare a name
 Charg'd with more well-won titles than he had :
 Contest for thy inheritance in fame :
 More just thy interest, more faire thy claime.

France was the Court wherein the case was tri'd,
 With title so apparant, proofes so cleare,
 His plea for honour could not be deni'd
 By justice brib'd : nay, if more worlds there were,
 And *Philips* sonne had triumph'd on them all,
 His suit for honours birthright here should fall.

France is still sick, nor could the blood was lost
 At *Crescey*, her integrity restore :
 Her now more dangerous relapse must cost
 A dearer dose than was prescrib'd before :
 Th'originals of her distempers are
 The spirits and the humours of *Navar*.

How

The Battaile of Poitiers.

67

How is't *Navar* ? too big for thy estate ?
Thy own much meanes, and kingdome of thy mother ?
It would take all thy thoughts to manage that,
Nor leave one thought to think upon another.
Much did I say ? alas, there's nothing such,
He that ne'r had enough, had never much.

His state did ly like tinder on the fire
Of his ambition, whose subtle heat
At first did to the Constable aspire :
He must be nothing, cause he is so great.
We see some excellent worth markt out by fate,
To be the Soveraignes love, and subjects hate.

While he at truce with care, was layd a sleepe :
(Sleepe the distinction betwixt men and gods)
Navar and others enter'd, while none keepe
A guard about him, but his curtaine rods.
Where falling on him, mortally did wound him,
And haply thought, they left him as they found him.

King *John* must temporize in this new case :
Time will be waited on by Majesty :
Tis proper to an action, as place
To bodies : when the winds are contrary,
Wise Pilots change their course: when they are for't
They veere about, and make up to their port.

Navar is promis'd favour, if he would
 But aske : he did : yet they did closely mue him :
 But this the Councell did but to uphold
 Publique respect, and his owne merit shew him.
 And for the greater state, three *Queenes* implore,
 To beg that pardon which was given before.

Having obtain'd release, he goes away,
 And his wound with him : it had better been
 Those blowes had not been fastened, unlesse they
 Had been playd home enough : tis often seene,
 Such strokes are spurs to fury : who doth dare
 To strike, and not strike sure, a sleeping bare?

He tenders up himselfe, his meanes, his friends,
 To *Edwards* service, who could well advance
 Such powerfull agents to atcheive his ends,
 And use a part of *France* to ruine *France* :
 You may a Kingdome enter when you please,
 If you have one within that keepes the keyes.

Then he takes in some townes in *Normandy*,
 To make his party stronger : he beleeves
 His high offence must have security
 By acting greater projects ; and conceives
 No puling suit for mercy can assure him,
 Continued rebellions must secure him.

King

The Battaille of Poitiers.

69

King *John* must once againe the scene obey ;
Dissembling is his ward, not open war :
He must have patience till at once he may
Both apprehend occasion, and *Navar*.

Time's a wilde thing, and hardly to be man'd,
And if not watch'd, will never come to hand.

Soone did occasion her lock present,
For *Charles* the *Dolphin* being now at *Roan*,
Navar to doe him honour thither went,
But might have left that complement undone.
Before they had halfe din'd, King *John* did play
The servitour, and tooke this guest away.

Then from them all he culled out a messe,
And too impatient of a longer pause,
He did for them another banquet dresse,
Who died without triall of the lawes :
And without proccesse suffer'd in the place,
And said their *Nunc dimittis* for their grace.

Thus *Damocles* did sit at his rich fare,
And yet not thus ; for there the pendant blade
Was truly held, though weakly, by a haire :
But this dropt downe, and execution made :
Our dangers and delights are neere allies;
From the same stem the rose and prickle rise.

The dreaming parties of *Navar* awake,
 Strooke with this fright : thus in a halfe made sleepe,
 When the deluding phantasie doth make
 Some horrid dreame, we still our slumber keepe,
 But when the fancy brings the danger neere
 To touch our selves, we are rows'd up by feare.

Dreadfull confusion streamed from this blood,
 Without judiciall proceeding shed :
 King *John* will be ingulfed in this flood,
 Nor all the hands of *France* hold up his head :
 His Kingdome is beheaded. To attone
 The losse of these foure heads, *France* lost her own.

Harecourt and *Philip* brother of *Navar*
 Enrag'd saile over, and in *England* land :
 This massacre they to the King declare,
 And beg no boone but justice from his hand :
 Like to those Indians, that did never cry
 For ought but justice to their Deity.

Lowd cry'd the murder, and they lowdly storme
 Against this great injustice : to proceed
 Without faire order of the Law, and forme,
 The case and persons unexamined :
 Till triall shall the doubtfull case assoile,
 The sword of justice should ly steep in oile.

Edward

The Battaile of Poitiers.

71

Edward imbrac'd the time ; he had an eye
Could leuell this advantage to his end :
He knew times declinations did ly
Poiz'd on one moment, on one point depend.
The metall's hot, and *Edward* must not hold,
Twill no impression take, if it be cold.

And that this expedition might be
Maintain'd, the Parliament did grant to pay
Such great taxations on their wools, that he
Might spend fixe yeeres a thousand markes a day.
That the firme base of Kingdomes may not reele,
Tis laid on mines of gold, as well as steele.

Edward resolv'd, foure thousand men did choose
To be Postillians of his greater power
Before the clouds open their lids, they ouze
Some single teares to usher downe the shower.
Glocester lands this force in *Normandy*,
To be the prologue of the Tragedy.

And now these martiall Revellers are set
Vpon the Neustrian stage, with habits fit
For their high parts : there forward *Philip* met
To act that prologue, if they yeeld him it :
As on a stage upon some fore-compact,
You see two strive, who should the prologue act.

F 4

But

The Battaille of Poictiers.

But wisdom did their fortitudes unite,
 And wed this couple in a safer tie :
 When in one center many beames doe light,
 The heat is rais'd by this societie :
 And they conjoyn'd portended as much woe,
 As *Iove* and *Saturne* in conjunction doe.

And in the quarrell of agreiv'd *Navar*
 Trevaile in *Normandy* ; strong cities win,
 And force *Carcasson* ; nor would fortune bar
 That cities gates where they would enter in.
 They shot without a counterbusting shock,
 Like to a thunderbolt through *Languedock*.

The townes yeeld up, only by feare agast,
 Not yet beseig'd ; men by timidity
 Are on more dang'rous resolutions cast,
 Than by the wildnesse of temerity.
 Virtues defects nothing of her possesse,
 But rashnesse may, for that is an excesse.

Nor was their time so cheap to cast away
 Vpon a lazie feige ; this action
 Dies with her motion ; 'prejudiciall stay
 Had kild their fairer processe. *Philips* sonne
 No longer at one tedious leaguer lie,
 Than he was winning *Persias* Monarchy.

The Battaile of Poitiers.

73

It was their better way to overrun
And spoile the champion : fires and weapons are
The usefull instruments of destruction,
In the advancing of the justest war,
Which like a staring Basiliske doth waste,
Kill with the touch, and with the breath doth blast.

But in his conq'ring march proclaimes the cause,
And justifying title of the war ;
Which was to vindicate the injurd lawes,
And to redeeme imprisoned *Navar* :
Which still in hold lay smother'd like a fire,
Which should breake out, and raise his fury higher.

Though many bonds doe mutuall aid invite,
Yet to be man is a sufficient tie ;
Communion of nature bids us right
And shelter innocence from injurie.
States to the height of happinesse are growne,
When others injuries are thought their owne.

Nature on other creatures doth bestow
Some naturall munition ; but to man
Nature gave man : who doth by nature owe
All offices of piety ; nor can
The injur'd for their faults be bard tuition :
We succour not the manners, but condition.

Those

The Battaile of Poictiers.

Those wealthy summes this voyage to us gave,
 Which to King *John* those Countries yeerely paid,
 Which did enervate *France*: though Kingdomes have
 Strong bones, and joints whereon their weight is laid.
 Yet all their actions dull, and sp'ritlesse prove,
 If without meanes, the sinewes which must move.

But *Gloster's* not my theme: (though he too high
 For ablest quils to reach) I must retreat
 To *Edwards* quarters, and there vainly try
 To make his greatnesse make these measures great.
 The only muse I sue to, is his Name,
 And uncorrupt relation of his fame.

Now *France* is gone to cure the wound was made
 By *Glosters* arme; and ready to apply
 His weapon-salve, he heares of *Edwards* blade
 Drawne at a fairer marke than *Normandy*.
Gloster but wounded an inferiour limb;
Edward aim'd at the heart, and miss'd not him.

Led by this new occasion, and decree,
 King *John* conducts his powers from *Normandy*,
 To entertaine yong *Edwards* men, for he
 Was prickt to lay the scene by destiny.
Poictiers must beare the tempest of these wars,
 Drawn thither by the influence of his stars.

But

The Battaile of Poi&tiers.

75

But what makes *Edward* here ? why doth he brave ?
And in an others Court himselfe sit Lord ?
Sure there's some cause ; his fortitude must have
As well the scales of justice, as her sword :
For valours motion is irregular, where
Iustice is not the mover of the sphere.

And he that courting honour in the field,
Would wed her nobly to his virtue, must
Hold passion in ; on a firme *basis* build,
And know the causes of his war be just.
Great actions if not founded deepe, will reele :
The greatest ship must have the strongest keele.

Tis th' only goodnesse of the cause, that can
Be true incentive to the imps of *Mars* :
For justice is mans virtue, as he's man :
Event sits Iudge, awarding in those wars
Right her desert ; and wars ambiguous dy
Runs well, if ca&st by the hand of equity.

To procure peace, or keepe a foe at bay
By warding injuries, cal&s a war just ;
But not to hug revenge, and make a way
For brutish ferity ; but that Kings must
Keepe Kings in good opinion, that they know
What a wrong is, and how to use a foe.

Or

Or to recover what our right hath been,
 And what's detain'd unjustly to regaine :
 Where justice ends, there justly wars begin.
 Our *Edward* thus did war in *Aquitaine*.
 Thus fierce *Camillus* taught the insulting *Gaul*
 To weigh the treasure, and restore it all.

These are the sole conditions which can
 Make an invasion legitimate :
 Which notion printed in the *Indian*
 By natures finger, made him wonder at
 The woman-King *Semiramis*, that she
 Would wage a war, not touch'd by injury.

Right stood for us : *Navar* had right in *Bry* :
Glocester led an army in that right :
 And in his owne *Edward* did *France* defie :
 For right the Prince, for right did *Gloster* fight.
 For those false keyes which lock up justice, are
 The keyes which ope *Ianus* his doores of war.

Edward unto the Prince that *Dutchy* gave,
 Confirm'd it by his Charter : with intent
 He should some care, as well as honour have,
 And verse himselfe in rules of government.
 It is an act that hath more glory in it,
 To rule a conquer'd state, than first to win it.

King

The Battaille of Poitiers.

77

King *John* will settle upon *Charles* his sonne
This very *Dutchy* ; which did owe her state
To *Englands Edward*, who confirm'd it on
The Prince, with charge *his right to vindicate*.

Kings do mark Kings proceedings ; and to eye
Their wayes is politick necessity.

This was that *Charles* whom the French story write
First *Dolphin* : *Humbert* broken at the chance
Of's eldest sonnes decease, did give his right
Of *Dolphin* to *Philip* King of *France*.

But with this caution confer'd the same,
They should the heire of *France* the *Dolphin* name.

He died in that noble company
(Company be's comfort) were at *Crescey* slaine,
Where *Philip* to allay his misery,
Did win the *by*, although he lost the *maine*.

He needs must owe one favour to his fate,
Although he lost *himselfe* he won a *State*.

Go vindicate thy right ? a word that can
Effect a wonder on lame cowardise,
And teach it move : but to the Prince, a man
To picture prowesse by ; it did but this ;

Remove those lets which did his valour stay,
Streames have selfe motions, take the dams away.

Thus

Thus when a pondrous stone whose weight propends
 Down to the loved center, with a stop
 Hath an encounter, as it downward tends ;
 And with that interposure is kept up ;
 Whosoe'r shall displace th' impediment,
 Imparts no motion but by accident.

Still had the King seene peaces smiling brow,
 And smother front, had he not bard his foes
 Of that for which there was no right to show ;
 As once a Pope the *Indies* did dispose,
 Which made the barbarous king to laugh at this,
 One should dispose of what was none of his.

The revolution of affaires is writ
 In fortunes motley booke ; which is compos'd
 Of pages black and white : *Philip* thinks fit
 To study both, as if he had suppos'd
 Himselfe an ill proficient, should he looke
 Only upon the white ones in the booke.

The unexperienc'd King dares sport with flame,
 And findge his royall pinions ; he doth thinke
 The bloody die of *Mars* is but a game ;
 And thirsts wars bitter potions to drinke.
 His father dranke not all the viols up,
Edward ; his Doctor to dresse him a cup.

He

The Battaille of Poitiers.

79

He musters up his men, extracts the best
Out of the English masse; *Salisbury, Lile,*
Suffolk, and *Warwick*: men that might contest
With antique worth, and lead the right hand file:
Wise Princes have wise seconds; nor alone
Imbark in actions: eyes see more than one.

Suppose the generall wise, and valiant,
Such the Commanders: yet if be propos'd
Projects of consequence, they doe not grant
They should in one brests conclave be dispos'd;
But call a martiall Court, and there debate
Which side makes best conclusion for the state.

Captaines are armies heads; which heads must be
The seat of reason and direction, whence
Through the inferiour limbs of soldiary
Discretion is infus'd by influence.

Though ruddy *Bacchus* from *Ioves thigh* was ta'ne,
Yet armed *Pallas* issu'd from his braine.

Such were the soldiers here, and such the head:
Mars could not here select a soldier out,
But could command: no Captaine but could lead
The Gods, when they against the Giants fought.

Mars would have chose these soldiers in his wars,
And *Mars* his soldiers *Edward* for their *Mars*.

The

The Battaile of Poitiers.

The Prince eight thousand sinewy archers brings
 Armed with fatall engines which were try'd,
 And never taught the foile ; as if their wings
 Impropriated conquest to their side.

Their whistling shafts alway victorious fly,
 Feather'd with plumes were pluckt from victory.

A thousand men at armes cull'd out, did looke
 Like iron statues art had taught to goe,
 Which stood more firmly on the ground they tooke,
 Than *Macedonias Phalanx* e'r could doe.

And as the Prince these fiery warriors led,
 He seem'd the starre some Comet followed.

Some of the French Nobility adher'd ;
Captall de Buch, Montferrand, and D'Esparre :
France knew that they were worthy to be fear'd :
 We, that their helpe was soveraigne in war.
 The Scorpion thus, as Nat'rallists do write.
 Is the best cure against the Scorpions bite.

That which doth most distract and terrifie ;
 The English were in divers parts of *France* :
 Whilst *Glocester* is yet in *Normandy*,
Wales doth in *Aquitaine* the war advance.

For in a war that hath more seats than one,
 More feare's diffused, and more pillage won.

The

The Battaile of Poitiers.

81

The Norman townes had been regain'd if *John*
Had not from thence by *Wales* diverted been.
Pisa's thus saved from subversion,
And dangerous leaguer of the *Florentine*;
By the withdrawing of his powers from thence,
To be imployed in his owne defence.

And now my fancy sees great *Edward* rise,
Mars his *Enthusiast* : his actions were
Raptures of Valour, and deepe extasies
Of man above himselfe : for drawing here
His spirits from their matter, passed more
Himselfe, than he surpass'd the world before.

He on the stage of *Aquitaine* did play
That part, which none beside can personate :
In every course or found, or made a way,
And prostrates as infallible as fate.
Like to death's harbinger his passage made,
And there death lodged, where he lodg'd his blade.

Cities of such a strength (that they had beene
Able t'ensure the Godlings from surprize
Than lodging in strange shapes :) did let him in
As if he had been keeper of the keyes
And raining arrowes in a feather'd shower,
He could have peirc'd more than a brazen tower.

G

Some

The Battaille of Poi&iers.

Some townes invited by their strength withstand,
 Not out of hope to stand, but out of shame :
 Some yeeld more to his name, than to his hand ;
 For that had conquer'd them before he came.

While some are forc'd, some yeelded as he went,
 And seem'd to have been won by precedent.

Thus fall the shrubs, poore neighbours of an Oke,
 Whose top kisseth the clouds, whose root sounds hell :
 Which vanquisht by th' assault of sturdy stroke,
 With groning fall the under wood doth fell,
 Small states sinke with the fall of greater states,
 The same their fortunes, and the same their fates.

The strongest Cittadell, and stateliest Hold
 Gave entrance at the gates, or gaping rents,
 Ambitious of new landlords for their old :
 And Castles like so many monuments (feare,
 Gave up their men, who were strooke dead with
 Summon'd to rise by *Edwards* trumpeter.

There as through houses the mad fire was running,
 They seem'd like beacons all in flames, which were
 Not fir'd by *France* to tell the foe was comming,
 But by the foe to tell that he was there :

Or else at once did those two places show
 Where Comets burne, and which they threaten too
Clement

The Battaile of Poitiers.

83

Clement the sixt of *Rome*, strikes in for peace,
An act of which few of them guilty are ;
The Papacy arriv'd at the encrease
Of her progression by forraine war.

And since the *Eagle* did some plumes afford,
It thriv'd lesse by the *Keyes* than by the sword.

But *Wales* th' exalt *Idea* of a sonne,
And true Commander, wisely did deny't :
Vnwarranted from home had it beene done,
He had entrench'd upon his fathers right.
Th' injunctions of thy Prince must stand, not thine;
The soule of *Martiall* feats is discipline.

Out of this well-stor'd arcenall doe come
Weapons, which are the hands of victory,
And triumph's her rich crowne : why did old *Rome*
Make their *Victoria* a Deitie,
Which had not beene, much lesse had been divine,
If not both made, and shrin'd by *Discipline*.

Sterne *Manlius* yeelds his victorious sonne
Vnto the Lictours axe, because he fought
Without command, though challenged ; and had won
The day from *Metius*, and rich spoiles had brought,
The losse of such a sonne doth rather choose,
Than *Rome* the least of discipline should lose.

Single example ! sure yong *Manlius* saw
 Conquest was feisible : why then should he
 Give rather blind obedience to that law,
 Than win so coy a thing as victory ?

If new occasion faire advantage brings,
 We may apply our selves unto the things.

No care to lecture of lost peace is turn'd,
Mars his red letters writ with sword and speare,
 Most still be read : his valour's but adjourn'd,
 Tis not prorogu'd : it was no period here,
 But as a breathing comma to the Prince ;
 Such stops as these are spurs to violence.

As I have seene come galloping amaine
 A gentle Knight, who meeting on the road
 An old freind long unseene, doth entertaine
 Some short discourse, then with his gingling goad
 Prick up *Grashopper*, and devoure the way,
 And win with speed, what he had lost by stay.

And thus a streame proud with a fall of raine,
 Topping his bankes, and scorning the controule
 Of a poore chanell, winneth from the plaine,
 And with impetuous violence doth roule :
 But if some dam shall countercheck his waves,
 It breakes the dam and more insulting raves.

The

The Battaille of Poitiers.

85

The Prince shoots smoothly through without recoile,
And townes so eas'ly homag'd to his name,
As if he went but to receive the spoile
Which Fortune had told out against he came;
And with so swift dispatch effected this,
That *Cesars Vici* was but slow to his.

As sensitives which with most swiftnesse move,
Are fullest of best spirits : so actions are,
Whose active heat makes them successfull prove,
And fortune waiteth most on such a war :
*Edward*th knew this, and he like lightning shone,
At once he came, broke through, and was gone.

Faire fortune was ingross'd to him by fate,
Yet was he not more fortunate than wise :
Wise as *Huniades*, as fortunate
As *Castriot*, which two this one comprize.
He seem'd to take townes at a cast, and get
(As once *Timoleon*) cities in a net.

This happy entrance strong impression makes,
But different in the French, and English mindes :
There it works terrour, here it courage makes ;
It credits ours, discredits their designs.
These faire *exordiums* are the wayes to win,
It is wars Rhet'rick bravely to begin.

G 3

Now

The Battaille of Poitiers.

Now shiv'ring winter fledg with feather'd raine,
 Cover'd the earth with beds of watrish downe,
 Which warnes the Prince to quit the open plaine,
 And have his soldiers winter'd in a towne,
 Who unto *Burdeaux* unimpeach'd retreats,
 And for this yeere takes leave of *Martiall* feates.

The peircing frosts candi'd in *Gallick* skyes,
 Against their countries foes would so combine,
 The *tunicles* should not secure their eyes,
 And all the *humors* would turne *chrystalline* :
 In their *blue channels* the *red streames* had stood,
 And spirits been congealed in that flood.

Therefore the Prince will not his men bestow
 In fields unshelter'd, whilst the leagu'ring cold,
 And battering engines of chill ice and snow
 Assault the spirits, and surprize their hold.
 Who let their men i'th' field in winter ly,
 Doth combat nature, and the enemy.

The Sunne furrounding with a fleet careere
 On the highway of the *Ecliptick* line,
 Had inned in his winter signes this yeere,
 And at the goale his mounture did decline.
 Thus *Edward* to his winter *Tropick* came,
 Advancing through the *Zodiack* of fame.

The Battaille of Poitiers.

87

As when a fat and teeming soile is growne
Fat, and o'rspent ; and by its often birth
Threatens a barren womb, the moyling clowne
Fallowes the acres of his languisht earth :

Thus Cheifes indulge their wearied soldiers rest,
And husband valour in their fallow'd brest.

Apollo's yew is not at all times bent,
It sometime feriates, and string is slackt :
The sinewes of his *lyre* not alway rent
With screwing torture, nor with winding rackt.
These rests, and stops with sweet variety,
Tune all our actions to a harmony.

And thus the Sun, when he takes up his light,
As 'twere to rest it in a misty shrowd :
Will shew a face more glorious, and bright
Thorough the breach of the dissolved cloud.
Nay, thus my pen by only stay will write
A smother letter than it drew last night.

Now had the Sun rid through his winter stage,
And lighted at the lusty *Ram* : the earth
With herbes, as *Æson*, did renue her age,
And was impregnate with a numerous birth.
Flora to ope her wardrobe did begin
As 'twere to deck her at her lying in.

The constellation of the *winged Steed*
 Rising with *Sol*, attempereth the aire
 To the radicall humour, and doth breed
 Blood in the strouting veines, and sp'rits repaire :
 Soldiers in spring double their service can,
 A man in winter is but halfe a man.

The speckled Snake when he hath new put on
 His annuall coat, with seeming-triple tongue,
 Cals for the fight ; and basked in the Sun,
 Is able or to give, or pay a wrong :
 But when th' earth lies like one great ball of snow,
 Alas, poore Snake, what mischeife can it doe.

The Prince, who had in winter seem'd to set,
 Advanceth forward with th' advancing Sun :
 Doth not his resolute designs forget,
 Nor to consummate what he had begun.
 Not to promote what we doe once commence,
 Argues a weaknesse, and a diffidence.

When great ones for great actions are bound,
 And failed far i' th' voyage, they will not
 Turne for their honour, but be rather drown'd ;
 Nor can perhaps : as those the gulfe have shot.
 Or *not begin* or *finish*, is a rule
 As well in *Mars* his as in *Venus* schoole.

Nerves

The Battaile of Poitiers.

89

Nerves would bee cramp'd, the lazie blood would
Limbs be unactive, should they longer ly ; (freeze;
And if they still should sacrifice to ease,
Valour would fall into a lethargy :

Dull lakes are choakt with melancholick mud,
Motions do cleere, and crySTALLize a flood.

No body's healthfull without exercise ;

Iust wars are exercises of a State :

Virtue's in motion, and contends to rise

With generous ascents above a mate.

Princes in motion with the spheres contest,

Made more for veneration, than for rest.

He still will be assailant, nor attend

His dangers comming, (we may fall asleepe

In watching danger ;) he shall best defend

His Kingdomes safty, and her honour keepe

By iust invasives : they that dare assaile,

Are thought the strongest, and for that prevaile.

By this first comming on *Edward* translates

Danger to French from English : ancient *Rome*

Had her most dangerous knocks at her owne gates,

But fought with triumph, when shee fought from

To war abroad is best security ; (home!

Mischeifes great part is its vicinity.

With

With uncontrouled march he did advance
Through *Bruges*, *Perigort*, and *Limosin* :
And seiz'd the bosome of affrighted *France* ;
The terrour of his acts usher'd him in.

The lowd report of his victorious name
Did execution long before he came.

As when the nurses rod cannot appease
The child ; at th' hearing of some horrid name
Tis husht : thus *Turky* with *Huniades*
Stilled their children, saying that he came.

A frightfull name's as forcive as a blow
Both *Edwards* name and arme can overthrow.

For he like light diffused in the aire,
Spreads without opposition, meets no stay
To check his faire proceedings, nor impaire
His smother fortunes wheeling on her way.

No lets encounter'd with his fortunes yet :
They ran as smoothly as *Musæus* writ.

As yet there's no abatement of his power,
No blood expended, they did nothing meet
Whereby they might disgust the wars ; no sower
As yet had been attemper'd with their sweet.

Thus *Arethusa* slides through *Neptunes* bed,
And keepes her maiden streame unravished.

But

The Battaile of Poitiers.

91

But what ? no French that may our valour give
Life by encounter ? is it their intent
To kill't by kindnesse, which by blowes must live,
And be redeemed from its languishment ?

That unemployed falls in a f wound, and then
With blowes, not kisses, it is fetch'd agen.

Or rather are the armes of frightened *France*
Pinion'd with feare ? what not a Chevaleere
That for his mistresse sake dares try his lance,
If not, for's country be a champion here ?

Yes : now their horsemen like a tempest come,
Acknowledg'd then the flower of Christendome.

King *John* such unexpected haste did make,
(His spirits heated with too quick a fire)
He did the Prince at *Poitiers* overtake :
He wing'd his hope, and impeded his desire,
As if he would his hasty fates importune,
He might outrun his father in misfortune.

John, who dares say thou wert not *Philips* son,
Heire to his crowne, successour in his fate ?
Twas thy inheritance to be undone :
Ill fortune prov'd thou wert legitimate.

The weight of *Philips* crowne did thee decline,
Philips was made of thornes, and so is thine.

The

The King mistooke it for a chace, and thought
 To overtake were to surprize his foe :
 As when a hound with snuffing long hath sought
 Through waylesse woods, which way the game did go.
 Rowfes by chance a Lion for a Deere,
 And thus the French did rowle a Lion here.

Vnder the heavy burthen of their power
 They seem'd to make the groning center yeeld,
 And with a cloud of men (able to shower
 Destruction on the world) darken the field.
 A whirlwind scowring from the Northerne waine,
 Did ease th'oppressed, cleare the darkned plaine.

They had the ods of number six to one,
 A wonder by a sixth to be withstood :
 So many speares at once, and lances shone,
 Did in a champaine seeme to make a wood.
 But I have heard, a wolfe did never feare
 A flock of sheepe, how great so e'r it were.

Let fond *Tigranes* in a proud despight
 Laugh at *Romes* handfull ; and in bravery
 Brag to his men, they were too few for fight,
 And but too many for an embassie.
 They chas'd this bragart, and the conquest won,
 And made his honour set before the Sun.

For

The Battaille of Poitiers.

93

For 'tis not crab'd Arithmetick that must
Be judge of valour : in th' exactest rate
Of men, we *weigh*, not *number* them : nor trust
Counters, but *scales* to give their estimate.
Their *quire* was greatest, but the *English* are
More skil'd in th' *anthemes*, and sad *hymnes* of war.

They have the ods of country ; the cause is
Try'd in their Court ; and we are forc'd to play
In their owne alley : nay, they're strain'd by this
To fight : they lose their country with the day,
But in invasive wars abroad, we doe
But lose our selves, and not our country too.

Vpon the soile where thou wert borne, to flee,
Cries bastard in thy face : is it not just
To pay her life, which once did lend it thee ?
Thou ne'r couldst better dy, and once thou must.
Give me a *Cock* that ne'r durst strike a blow,
Vpon his dunghill he will beat his foe.

Nay, as if fortune had a patent lent
For *France* t'ingrosse all the advantages :
Ods in conceit : conceit, an instrument,
Which though phantastick, breeds realities.
The pregnant mothers strong imagination
Hath given her womb a reall alteration.

For

The

The King of *France* his army did draw out,
 And on a spacious plaine embattelled :
 His numerous multitude he wheel'd about
 Like the *First mover* ; and the fields did spread
 With traine too long, and wings too short to fly
 Vnto so high a pitch as victory.

His hopes had now impos'd on his beleefe,
 That he already had the victory :
 He thinks that tedious, which all else thinke breife :
 He meanes to joyne his battaile presently.
 Desires are hasty, and when hopes are strong,
 Minutes are lazy, and *compendiums* long.

He's highly rais'd by flattering conceit
 And selfe opinion, that he might be strooke
 With greater ruine from so great a height :
 As when an Eagle hath some shell-fish tooke,
 She beares it up aloft, that she may breake
 That with a fall, she could not with her beake.

They think to scourge our *Heros*, and with Steele
 Whip this yong Warriour, who now was made
 Professour in his art, and scorn'd to feele
 Check or correction from the proudest blade.
 It will not come into their memories,
 That he at *Crescey* fought his master prize.

Scorning

The Battaille of Poitiers.

95

Scorning the petty numbers which we brought,
They rate us pris'ners more than enemies :
And against light of truth, and nature thought,
That efficacious force in number lies.

He is blind hardy, that will dangers flight,
For they grow heavy, when they once seeme light.

'Mongst natures utensils you cannot see
A thing so poore, but may be instrument
To shape great actions ; though the object be
Tough to receive, untoward to be bent.

The power that gives all actions their lawes,
Prepares the object, and exalts the cause.

If chance claim'd not an interest in tents,
And schooles of *Mars*; then the French numbers might
Seeme in good eyes enforcing arguments
For strong conclusions : but she claimes such right,
That 'tis a question, whether *Rome* had more
Set upon *Virtues*, or on *Fortunes* score.

But *France* hath greater opposition here
Then single fortune : had we cowards beene,
She had empark'd us like a heard of Deere :
But in so few ne'r was more valour scene.

A multitude could never make a head
Against fierce Lions, if by Lions led.

While

While the *French*, swolne with vaine and sickish hope
 Of victory, are ready now to burst
 In feav'rish choler on the foe; the *Pope*
 With fatherly prevention tried first
 If for such fevers any thing might be
 A soveraigne cure besides *phlebotomy*.

To mediate betweene this mighty paire
 He sent two Cardinals: the French withstood
 With eares of prooffe, and fortified 'gainst prayer,
 Their *Crosier* staves could here do little good:
 Nay, if the Herault of the Gods had come,
 He might have broke his rod, and so flowne home.

We were too far gone in this Maze to fly,
 Nor humane judgement could present a light
 To shew us out: Time and necessity
 Advise the Prince leane to peace, which might
 Not be inglorious, and give a blow
 Vpon his honour deeper than a foe.

Left he lose all, the Prince will lose a part,
 And disengage himselfe at any rate.
 • Wisdome adviseth the most generous heart
 To bend with th'inclination of his state. (weights
 Wee meet with fortunes shocks, and beare her
 By stooping, not by standing at our heights.

But

The Battaille of Poitiers.

97.

But *France* presuming fatally there are
Vpon her side matchlesse advantages;
Will heare no musick but the sounds of war,
The hymnes of peace are but dull aires to these.
Thus *Semele* the thundercrack will heare,
And die with that which only pleas'd her eare.

Their ventrous King will desperately play
To win a *penny*, or to lose a *crowne*;
And lose himselfe with losing of the day :
Yet might have stayd his hand, and not have thrown
Fish with a golden hooke, and lose that hooke,
It cann't be valu'd, with what could be tocke.

The Prince beset with strong objections,
Of opposits can no evasion see :
Would therefore yeeld to all conditions,
And yeeld up all things but himselfe, and he
Cannot be guilty of such base controule,
Whose body't selfe's no prison to his soule.

As at that sea-fight when the windes doe try
To dispossesse rugg'd *Neptune* of his right :
And both combine against an *Argosie*
Which rather would be *neuter* in the fight :
The master casts his goods into the sea,
As t'were the ranfome that should set him free.

H

But

But they will *Edward* have to satisfie
Their high desires : *Edward* must basely yeeld
Himselfe a pris'ner : nay, he'll rather die,
Than yeeld, and liue : nay, 'fore he quits the field,
He'll take their King. Tis just, he that will choose
To take thy freedome, should his freedome lose.

He gives conditions, as if we were
Now in his hands, and really posselt
In's overweening thoughts : and doth not feare
Our fortune, or our valour : but profest
Hee'd set us lawes. But *Edward* thought it fit
Those lawes like *Draco's* should in blood be writ.

His articles at first did terrour strike,
And did our minds in dark suspentes hold,
But ended things to laugh at ; not unlike
The armed charets in the fields of old,
Wherein both sithes and hookes were borne :
Were first a terrour, afterward a scorne.

To yeeld ones selfe, and yeeld before a blow,
Cals indignation from a Cowards brest :
He could not yeeld his honour to his foe,
For others had in that some interest.
He had deceiv'd country, and King, for he
To them for's honour must accomptant be.

Liberty

The Battaille of Poitiers.

99

Liberty is devolved to the sonne,
Which doth enhance its price : as you have seene
Something preserv'd with great religion,
Only for this. *It had his grandsires beene.*
Tis priz'd but by conjecturall conceit,
Like an old peece for which there is no weight.

His life and honour at the stake did ly,
Set to be throwne at in this martiall game :
He'll therefore lose his life couragiously,
To keepe from forfeit his engaged fame :
And with a fearlesse progresse dangers meet,
Life not in *length*, but in the *use* is sweet.

The King of *France* an errour did commit,
And wars for errours scarce have second roome : ..
Had he but tim'd it, and not joyned yet,
We eas'ly would to composition come.
Fortune's a market, if a while you stand,
Things will grow cheap, and fall into your hand.

Had reason given him patience to stay
Till time were ripened, we had been too weak
To fight, if elder by a month : delay
Had crumbled us, whom valour could not breake :
It is a rule Cheiftaines to *Fabius* ow,
To get the conquest, and not strike a blow.

H 2

We

We could not with provision be stor'd
 He might have cut it off without a blow :
 Famine had beene more forcive than the sword ;
 But he will fondly buckle with the foe :
 And by his folly make our fortune great :
Serpents prove Dragons when they Serpents eat.

Good King ; he did his resty passions ride
 Without a bit : who in their wilde carere
 Dash him on this, then on the other side,
 Then give a fall, which he did never feare.
 But to his passions attribute not all ;
 Something on times vicissitudes must fall.

Great actions are not molded out of hand,
 They aske their time for just conception,
 Lest they should prove blind issues : they demand
 A first, and second agitation ;
 And are on arguments of counsell tost,
 Or else on fortunes waves, and there are lost.

When mature counsell hath concluded what
 Is to be done ; and how contriv'd, we need
 Dispatch, the life of things, to practise that :
 Consult at leisure, prosecute with speed.

Which *Titus* by his emblem well descri'd,
 A nimble *Dolphin* to an *anchour* ti'd.

King

The Battaile of Poitiers.

105

King *John* admits no consultation
To ripen his designs, as if 't had bin
Too short a time for his destruction :
Grapling with dangers brings them sooner in.
Actions are weakened with too hasty speed,
Thus predigestion doth diseases breed.

Heads are the wombs where actions must be
Conceiv'd, and fashioned in all their parts,
And stay the time of just delivery,
Or else the head miscarries, and aborts.
A hudling haste shapes no production right :
Iove could not get the *Muses* in a night.

He kens not precedents that went before,
But with erected, and ambitious eye,
Thinks on surmis'd advantages to soare,
Nor minding what's before him to mount high.
Thus a seeld Dove with right up mountures flies,
Because she sees not, what before her lyes.

If he had but his fathers Legend read,
There had been lectures to have taught him wit :
The name of *Crescey* might have strooke him dead,
To think like fortune might attend us yet.
Heav'n destining a fall, muffles the eyes,
And whom it will destroy, it stupefies.

H 3

And

And though it could by't selfe, if it would choose,
 Confound this sacrifice of ruine, yet
 It doth for meanes, those dispositions use
 Inherent in the person that is set
 For mark. Perdition from our selfe proceeds,
 As selfe disorder selfe diseases breeds.

When some did th' Emperour *Charles* the fourth ad-
 To dare the *Turkish Cressant*, he refus'd ; (vise
 Cause through the current of all histories
 He saw much blood was in those wars effus'd.
 The ancient times what is the best do show,
 The moderne teach what is most fit to doe.

Historians to some Courts have had recourse
 By Kings commands ; who did of them explore
 The former age : that they might steere their course
 As skillfull Pilots of great states before,
 And cut out all their actions by the thred
 Of ancient times. Best *Doctors* are the dead.

When *Zeuxis* did his *Iuno* goe about,
 From the choise shapes of th' *Agrigentine* dames
 He cull'd the rarest of perfections out.
 Thus Princes do arrive at highest names ;
 For they the best of all examples take,
 When they the *Iuno* of their power do make.

Their

Their former sufferings might instructions be :
'Tis best anothers madnesse to enjoy :
They might their owne through other danger see :
And with what fate we did our shafts employ :
From fire which hath once burnt it to refraine,
Moves in the circle of an infants braine.

Though fooles from wisdome doe derive no wit ;
Whose better deeds touch not their observation,
Yet from their losse wisdome hath benefit,
And in their errours reads an information.
He that shall see a ship run on a shelve,
Is mad if he will run upon't himselfe.

When *Archimedes* engines once had fear'd,
And did at *Syracuse* the Romans maull,
Not one in all the leaguer once appeard,
But stood the space of danger from the wall.
If they a peece of rope, or wood did spy,
Supposing it an engine, they would fly.

John in's owne losse will read destruction,
And try experience on himselfe ; they sing
To a deafe rock who tune persuasion :
The Card'nals is dull Rhet'rick ; for a King
Not to be forced, is a glorious state,
But not perswaded, is a dangerous fate.

For though the faults of private men may be
 Stayd in themselves : a Princes may redound
 And be reflex'd on thousands : thus at sea
 Men by a shipboys fault are rarely drown'd ;
 But if the Pilot shall a fault commit,
 'They're cast upon the ground, or sunk, or split,

Wise Cheifes would purchase, were it to be sold,
 A foes returne : which made that Worthy say,
 If he will go, make him a bridge of gold,
 No metall is too deere to pave his way.
 Unwelcome oppositions will at length
 Create a sudden fury, and new strength.

Force when it meets a yeelding object, dies ;
 Shoot at a wall of mud, 'twill dull the blow :
 But it gets life by contrarieties,
 As is observ'd in motion ; none can throw
 A cork so far, as he can throw a stone,
 'Cause this resistance makes, and that makes none.

The French well mounted did so firmly ride,
 They seem'd some monster made of man and beast :
 Thus rid the *Centaures* by *Enipus* side,
 Invited to *Perythous* his feast
Nessus did fall by great *Alcides* bow,
 Thus the French *Centaures* had their overthrow.

John

The Battaile of Poitiers.

105

John on his horse the confidence did lay,
And thinks he sooner shall upon their speed
Alight at th' hope and honour of the day ;
But this opinion did an errour breed.

An eye through water measures nothing streight,
Nor wisdom through the glasse of preconceit.

His camp of so much matter did consist,
And *forme* so little, that it scarce could roule
That grosnesse, which inclines what way it list,
As if not actuated with a soule ;

Or if it were aliue, it reeld about,
Like the vast *Cyclops* when his eye was out.

He sees not how the Prince had laid his men
Close in a bushy, and unequall ground ;
His horse, though better, could do nothing then ;
And while at once they feele the arrowes wound,
And windings of a bush, they doe mistake,
They feele the stinging of some winding snake.

A ground (as I have seene some dining roome,
Whose feeling *Art* hath cut in wandring Vines,
So that by nature) where no horse can come,
But is supplanted by th' intangling twines.

The creeping Vines with their erroneous course,
Were made by nature shackles for their horse.

Chance

Chance the great stickler in this worlds affaire,
(Cheifly in that of war) did *Edward* choose
To be the greater favourite of the paire,
And have the ground which he could wisely use :
Though *Fortune* wants the fortune to be ey'd,
Her pace is sure, if virtue be her guide.

He knew those places most commodious were,
And advantagious against their horse :
They could not for the ground approach too neere :
So he in *place* was greater, lesse in force,
And wins by that : for conquest in some case,
Is not got more by valour, than by place.

We borrow'd this advantage from the place,
The French Kings error did another make ;
No place was giv'n by merit, but by grace,
Which makes deservers cold to undertake,
When no faire aspect shineth on deserts,
There is a dearth presag'd on Armes and Arts.

Three hundred horse he culled from the rest,
The rest conceiving it a high neglect,
Think themselves worst, 'cause others are thought best,
And 'gin to envy whom he did select.

Envy's a race, in which the runners minde
Those who do run before, not who behinde.

The Battaile of Poitiers.

107

In great designs we such impressions see
Impeach an action, where the minde must look
Point blank upon the work, not squinting be
By the affections from the bus'nesse took.

A shaking eye hath an uncertaine sight,
And minds by passion moved, aime not right.

Vext by disgrace, they discontented grow,
And thus distracted, either study why
They were rejected with dislike, or how
To be reveng'd for such an injury ;

And readier are to double their despight,
Than animate their courages to fight.

Distasts that have from *Envy* tooke their life,
Have strongest constitutions, and doe dy
Much later than the most inhumane strife,
That had a being from an *injury*.

Ten yeeres will wheele *Troys* destiny about,
But *Rome* and *Carthage* for whole ages fought.

The Prince helpt by these errours, and the ground
Strengthen'd by nature, where his men were laid,
Vs'd art to make it stronger than 'twas found,
That it might more unpassable be made,

Rests not in what was by mere *nature* done,
Art is to perfect what that hath begun.

The

The night before, ditches and trenches cast
 So wide, they might not by the horse be leapt :
 His archers close behind the banks were plac'd,
 From whence they shot, and were so safely kept,
 That I would prove, and by no prooffe but this,
 The *place* conserveth what contained is.

Yet it were weaknesse, if he were content
 With strength of place ; and therefore that he might
 Have breasts as fortifi'd, he did present
 His men with the *necessity* to fight.

When a *needs must* commands us to begin,
 We lose with honour, or with wonder win.

When soldiers hem'd in desperation stand,
 They have in courage what they want in hope ;
 Necessity in *wars* strengthens the hand,
 In *arts* the *head* : and there it found a *Trope*.

A dying serpent doth most venome cast,
 Valour fights deadly, when she fights her last.

His men with obstinacy armed so,
 And resolution, that the farewell breath
 Of *Edwards* gasping men could blast a foe :
 And if no friends would vindicate their death,
 Yet this should be their comfort, here to dy,
 Should be their birth-day to eternity.

What

The Battaile of Poitiers.

109

What e'r his worth did, like *Elixar*, touch,
If that the metall were dispos'd to worth,
It render'd it by the contaction such :
And as the *Loadstone* sheds its virtue forth,
And gives it selfe to this, from this to that,
So *Edward* doth himselfe communicate.

And now with horroure I the French espy^r
Come rouling o'r the champaine like a flood :
Their swords like scourging Comets in the sky
Prognosticated deluges of blood
To drowne us in, but that the *English* bow,
Like the propitious *meteor*, sayd no.

They came, as I conceive a river made
By the dissolved snows upon a hill,
Which in the precipice cannot be stayd :
But when the weight of this impetuous rill
Hath beene unladed on the plaines beneath,
It softly creepes, as 'twere it selfe to breath.

Here you may see their foremost troop of horse,
With a resolved bravery charge the banks ;
There see the ruder archers breake their course,
And spoile the method of their order'd ranks.
Thus 'gainst a rocke deepe founded in the maine,
The waves oft sally, oft repulst againe.

There

The Battaille of Poitiers.

There see their second troope so close compact,
 As if that all should but inflict one stroke,
 And be but as one person in that act :

But falling on our men at armes are broke :
 Thus on the stones a storme of haile doth fall,
 It breaks it selfe, and doth no hurt at all.

Now see the third ride forward in a brave,
 Then backward beat, then vanish out of fight :
 As I have seene a straw slide on a wave,
 Vntill encounter'd with a narrow streight,
 Then forward, backward, and about it whirls,
 And then is swallow'd in the spongy curles.

Th' edge of their razour valour soone did break,
 And could not hold, because not built upon
 A resolution ; but that we were weak,
 Remove this *cause*, and that *effect* is gone.

Rashnesse her heat but to first onsets brings,
 Then slugs, like wasps, when they have lost their
 (stings.)

Yet they those weaker places flockt about,
 Which did best guards and opposition want.
 Thus the *Rhinoceros* with armed snowt
 Wounds the soft belly of the *Elephant*.

Experience teacheth man, nature a beast,
 T' assault the weakest, unattempt the rest.

We

The Battaille of Poitiers.

III

We had been ouerlaid with numbers now,
And if declining had been crushed quite :
The body of our army did not bow,
But standing right is setled with the weight.
Imposed weights columnes which leane deface,
But standing streight, doth fix them on their base.

Had *Plato* seene this army, he would sweare,
(Ravish'd to see such wonders done by men)
Valours *Idea* had existence there,
And ne'r before vouchsaf'd to lodge with men.
Valour so high, that whatso'er may be
Conceiv'd of it, is no *hyperbole*.

Here *Edward* fought, and there the French men fly,
Whilst he an alley through their quarters made :
They count it not a *harme*, but *grace* to dy,
If that their deaths were honour'd with his blade.
No Herault shows an armes of such a note,
As where his weapon gave the bloody coat.

So sublimate, and subtile was the flame
With which his spirits glow'd in this great strife :
That when *Prometheus* a man did frame,
And wanted fire to give his creature life.
Had he been here, he never had gone higher,
And not rob'd *Heav'n*, but *Edward* for this fire.

Tell

Tell me not of the fatall sheild of *Rome*,
 That fell from heav'n into grave *Numa's* lap,
 Nor of her mother *Troys Palladium*,
 Whose losse was the vancurrier of mishap.
 He was of more importance in this field,
 Than either *Troys Palladium*, or *Romes* shield.

There *Audley* stood, thus *Diomed* did stand,
 When he the God of Battaile did defie:
 His flaming sword came lightning from a hand
 Of as swift execution as his eye.
 The bloody lines which there his steele did write,
 Were perfect copies how the world should fight.

Renowned *Audley* who did vow to stand,
 First in the battaile, and didst seale thy word
 With many wounds; take from thy Princes hand
 Five thousand marks feesimple for reward.
 When such a *Sun* as *Edward* lustre showes,
 Reward's the shadow that with virtue goes.

Who is that? *Warwick*? yes 'tis he, be gone,
 He is deaths swordbearer who went before
 To make death way, which else could have found none,
 He slaughter'd many, and affrighted more.
 The thunderdart, though but on one it fall,
 Yet doth it strike a terrour on them all.

There

The Battaille of Poitiers.

113

There come the common soldiers, who did light
Their valour at their Captaines ; no commands
Of Leaders, but examples make them fight ;
They seem'd like *Briareus* with's hundred hands.
And if employ'd, they could as well as he
Have rescu'd *Iupiter*, and set him free.

That which the Cardinall foretold, was true,
That since he could not move, *the stones should cry* ;
For when their arrowes were consum'd, they threw
Their bowes away, and made the pibbles fly.
Their shot was stones, their arcenall the lands,
Their slings their armes, their stonebows were their
(hands.

So many heaps of slaughter'd men did raise
The field in swelling hils, that no man will
Have faich enough in these last faithlesse dayes,
To think the sword so many men could kill ;
But rather that some stroke from heav'n did fall,
Or spreading sicknesse did infect them all.

Those who are under *Sagittarius* borne,
If *Chaldee* wizards truly calculate,
Expire not naturally, but are torne
Like twigs stript off by violence of fate:
Vnder what these were born, though none can tell,
I know they under *Sagittarius* fell.

I

The

The *Scepticks*, *Pyrrohs* schollers, doe beleeeve
 Death not concernes humanity a jot :
 (For death is not when they are yet alive,
 And when death is, then they themselves are not)
 Could not for all the braves they write or say,
 Meet death with more resolvednesse than they.

Those witty feigners of antiquity,
 That with a drop was from some lover shed,
 Could give a tincture to the mulbery,
 And make her paler greene looke sanguine red,
 Had they then lived, and this field had seene,
 There had no fruit in all the world beene greene.

When all the stars in the same point are met,
 Wherein they were when this great field was fought,
 And shall be in the same position set,
 This act (say some) shall come againe about.
 But this concludeth that opinion vaine,
 So high a feat cannot be done againe.

> So many suffer for the Kings offence,
 (The *Greeks* were punish'd, and the *Generals* sin)
 Subjects are plagu'd, and in them the Prince;
 It ends in them, and did begin in him.

Thus Physick makes th'ignobler members bleed
 For a distemp'rature lies in the head.

See

The Battaille of Poictiers.

115

See in that heap one man among the rest,
Vnder those bleeding carcasses survive ;
And by the weighty multitude opprest,
Themselves unburied bury him alive.

And must be pleas'd with this unequall lot,
The living shall have graves, the dead have not.

One lower by the head, whose growth a blow
Had spoild : a blow some Curtleaxe let drive.
Kicks with his feet, as if he meant to show,
He had an anger could himselfe survive.

Thus a dismembred snake, when newly flaine,
With head topt off, will menace with his traine.

Here armes lopt off, put them in minde to use
The service of their legs in time, before
They shall those necessary members lose.
Here one that lost a leg fretted, and swore
At his owne madnesse, he so long should stay,
That now he could not run, but hop away.

There see a man, who, had his heart been good,
And perfect as his legs, had scap'd the foe ;
Who in a chilling feare congealed stood,
And had the heart, yet not the heart to goe,
He's flaine in his affright : thus at a bush
The bullet striketh the amazed Thrush.

There might you see a helmet full of head,
 Like to an iron monument stand out :
 Here all the field with plumes of feathers spread,
 Which mocked by the winds, did fly about.
 The hov'ring plumes presented to their sight,
 Was a presaging emblem of their flight.

Here *John* of *France* with steely wand did show
 Wonders, encircled in a hostile ring :
 There noble *Philip* ran the army through
 To disengage his *father* and his *King*.
 Thus *Affrican* amongst the thickest ranks
 Fought for old *Scipio* at *Ticinus* banks.

That noyse of horreur, *To the King, the King*
 Makes all forsake him ; while his valiant sonne
 Bringing such aid, as single strength could bring,
 Is christned *Hardy* for this action.

When others were cut down, these *Worthies* stood,
 And look'd like storers in a new faln wood.

But now he's prisoner : yet did behold
 His bondage with so firme, so sweet an eye,
 And brow so ev'n, as if he meant to hold
 Some paradoxes against liberty.

A soule resolved, and well squared man,
 Fals on his base, through fortune, how she can.

But

The Battaille of Poitiers.

117

But what is this I heare ? ô, 'tis fly, fly,
Or a rude noise of soldiers that would live,
And in confusion for quarter cry,
Which should they sooner aske, he'd sooner give.
Valour and *Mercy* are the fixed Poles
On which the sphere of *Edwards* honour rowles.

It is the first revenge, when feare shall bow
The proud opposer ; and best victory
To triumph over stomachs, and to throw
The soules, not bodies of the enemy.
And 'tis the height of punishment, to see
Thy foe for mercy humbled at thy knee.

Kings are Gods pictures, and their *mercy* lends
Best life unto the peeces : clemency
And gentle moderation best commends
Their acts, and doth their fortunes beautifie,
These glorious lustres are the varnish cast,
To make their deeds not only shine, but last.

Mercy declar'd unto a foe, doth show
W' are cit'zens of this world, and would not be
Cut off by ferity ; and lets men know
No sep'ratists are in humanity.

Here we maintaine communion, for our hearts
Are *Continents*, not *Iles* from other parts.

King *John* with humble state is entertein'd,
Not dealt with roughly as an enemy :

Edward by valour his first conquest gain'd,
And wins a second by his courtesie.

Base *Wolves* and *Beares* still urge a yeelding foe,
Edward's a *Lion*, and he cann't doe so.

Tis proper to choise spirits to relceve,
As well as conquer men, and when they dy,
It will more crowne their memory, to leave
Favours, than conquests in their diary.

But looke for ruine when a coward wins,
For feare and cruelty were ever twins.

In midst of triumph heare the cryer say,
Remember thou art man, to moderate
Thy fortune : on a steepe descent we stay
Our selves, and horse : thus in a high-rays'd state
We use a moderation, and begin
On fortunes steepe to reine our passions in.

The constitution of the soule is cleane,
Than can digest great fortunes, which converts
To wind, and humour, and is rarely seene
Free from impoisoning the noblest hearts.

It is the best felicity, to be
Not soild, and vanquish'd by felicity.

So

The Battaile of Poictiers.

119

So many pris'ners in this battaile tooke,
Who did into the armes of mercy yeeld,
As might have taken us : at the first looke
They seem'd enough to win againe the field ;
Save that these ods did for the English stand,
One keeper can ten prisoners command.

So many noble Lords did write with blood,
And seale with wounds, that *France* did love her King,
As if the Nobles did not think it good,
The commons should their testimony bring
To ratifie this truth : themselves will be
Th'only subscribers to this verity.

Edward forbad the chase of those that fly,
And whilst the soldiers for the booty sought,
He joy'd in th' honour of his victory :
For pillage is beneath a Gen'ra's thought :
Impli'd by him that said : *Gather thou these*
My freind, for thou art not Themistocles.

Then gave them sepulture, which is allow'd
By the commerce of war, and humane right :
Where earth upon the dead is not bestow'd,
They brutishly against those dead doe fight,
And passe revenges bounds : this debt we owe
To th' nature, if not person of the foe.

Edward the heav'ns doth humbly gratifie,
Whose stars had for him in their courses fought,
And led him by the hand to victory,
And like sure convoies, through his dangers brought.

Timotheus thrives not after he denies
A share to fortune in his victories.

Conquests are heav'n faine things, and Victours bayes
Are wreath'd and platted there : when *Rome* did send
Armies abroad, she did such Leaders raise,
Whom good successe and fortune did commend,
As well as prowesse ; and did ev'ry where
More shrines to *Fortune*, than her *Virtue* reare.

Then he bestowes rich largesse on his men,
T'enflame their minds, that if they did not love
Virtue for her owne selfe, rewards should then
Win their loves to her, and t eir dulnesse move.
Reward is the great pillar of a state,
Which doth support as strongly as her fate.

A gen'rous spirit is not drawn, but led
To stake a life, and hazard it in war :
Soldiers their blood will liberally shed,
Where free rewards and liberall guerdons are.
Aurelian takes this counsell : to bestow
Gold on his men, and *iron* on his foe.

Then

The Battaile of Poitiers.

121

Then heightens them with commendation : praise
Is the reflexion doth from virtue rise :
These faire *encomiums* doe virtue raise
To higher acts : to praise is to advise ;
Telling men what they are, we let them see,
And represent to them, what they should be.

And they were worthy of it : *Rome* n'r saw
An army yet, to which this host would yeeld ;
Nor braver Chiefe than *Edward* e'r did draw
Her pow'rfull legions into the field.
Edward shall mate the proudest He of *Rome*,
Let *Cesars* selfe, her great Dictatour come.

When *Rome* had conquer'd all the world beside,
Then, and but then she durst attempt the *Gaules*,
Gaules who before her powers did deride,
And oft had scourged her at her owne wals.
Rome never durst the stubborne *Gaul* defie,
'Till she had not another enemy.

But *England* had another pow'rfull foe,
The hardy *Scot* to threaten from the North
Incurfions ; yet then did *Edward* goe
From home, and lead with him an army forth ;
And spight of Oracle a conquest win,
Which said, we should with *Scotland* first begin.
Victorious

Victorious *Cesar* led experienc'd men,
 Custom'd as well to conquests as to fights :
 Those whom Heroick *Wales* conducted then,
 Were but mere novices in *Mars* his rites : (sheild,
 New chang'd the whip for sword, the share for
 And *Ceres* fat for *Mars* his bloody field.

The *Gaules* indeed were resolute in war,
 Whom *Cesar* with his legions vanquished,
 Yet were those *Gaules* inferiour by far
 Vnto the *French* : for the *French* conquered
 The *Gaules*, who could not then themselves defend,
 Ev'n when *Romes* selfe did them assistance lend.

Ariovistus with his *Germans* had
 The *Gaules* in slavery (a great allay
 To the best temper'd spirits) and had made
 Factions to take their soveraignty away :
 Seditions are the rils, which at the length
 Weaken the current and maine streame of strength.

When Christendome did in distraction ly
 Vnder the *Arrian* faction, and did grone
 Rent by the schisme of his wilde heresie,
 And fumed in this mad combustion,
 Then *Mechas* Pseudoprophet *Mahomet* came,
 Th'incendiary of a greater flame.

But

The Battaile of Poitiers.

123

But now the *French* were free, a settled state,
And fixt to the obedience of one Lord :
A King for fame, and fortune, wondred at ;
Vnder his colours Kings did draw the sword.
A King for whom, one did himselfe bereave
Of rule for love; and one for mony leave.

Against a state thus strong, and settled thus,
Edward durst come with an unpractis'd few :
The *French* had more advantages of us,
Than *Cesar* of those *Gaules* he overthrew.
And yet there were more marks of valour made
In *France* by th' *English*, than the *Roman* blade.

Then why hath History so copious been
In old *Romes* strength, as if it meant to say,
Not what should win beleefe, but wonder win:
Thus *Alexander* left in *India*
So great an armour, which should rather be
T' amaze, than to informe posterity.

Mighty *Third Edward* thou didst propagate
Strength in thy children, though we often see
Their seed degen'rous, and 'tis thought a fate,
The sonnes of *Heroes* should a blemish be :
Pure was the graine, when it at first was sowne,
But it hath many husks when it is growne.

Who

Who hath in virtues *Zenith* seated beene,
 Swerves farthest in his fall : a mighty spright
 Highly sublim'd, is stranger to a meane,
 And is not foil'd in sinne, but fals downe right.

And for the sins which such great Sires have done,
 The heav'ns have oft tooke vengeance on the sonne.

And sometime too great men uxorious are,
 (Such was *Themistocles*) and let their wives
 With too indulgent education mar
 The hoped fortunes of their childrens lives.

Children, like water on a table spilt,
 Are eas'ly drawne into what shape thou wilt.

Or while those fathers are abroad imployd,
 Lesse care is had of their minority :
 Or 'tis to shew perfections are not ty'd
 To the succession of a family ;
 For all the things and actions of the world
 Are in a circular conversion whirld.

But noble *Edwards* fortitude descends
 Downe to his sonnes. This royall *Eagle* breeds
 An airy of true *Eaglets*, not commends
 Doves to the world : a valiant race succeeds
 This valiant father : ne'r could *Heros* vaunt
 Of two such mighty sonnes, as *Wales* and *Gaunt*.

Who

The Battaille of Poi&iers.

125

Who could *Castile* as well as *France* controule,
When *Pedro* dispossefs'd, their armes requir'd :
But I sit downe untill some richer soule
With a diviner *Calenture* enfir'd,
O'r the *Pirenes* shall those triumphs sound,
My *Muse* at farthest but to *France* was bound.

(spaire

Now farewell Lords who seeme t'have throwne de-
Vpon the world ; which cares, while it shall last
It hardly shall be crown'd with such a paire ;
For nature lost the moulds where you were cast,
Or else in making you it spent such store,
That it hath scarce materials for more.

Sleepe feared soules : and 'till an Angell wake you,
Let peace seale up your monumentall stones :
And were it not a sacriledge to take you,
And weare for *amulets* your sacred bones,
Those bones a better *omen* would become,
Then mighty *Castriots*, or great *Ziscas* Drum.

FINIS.